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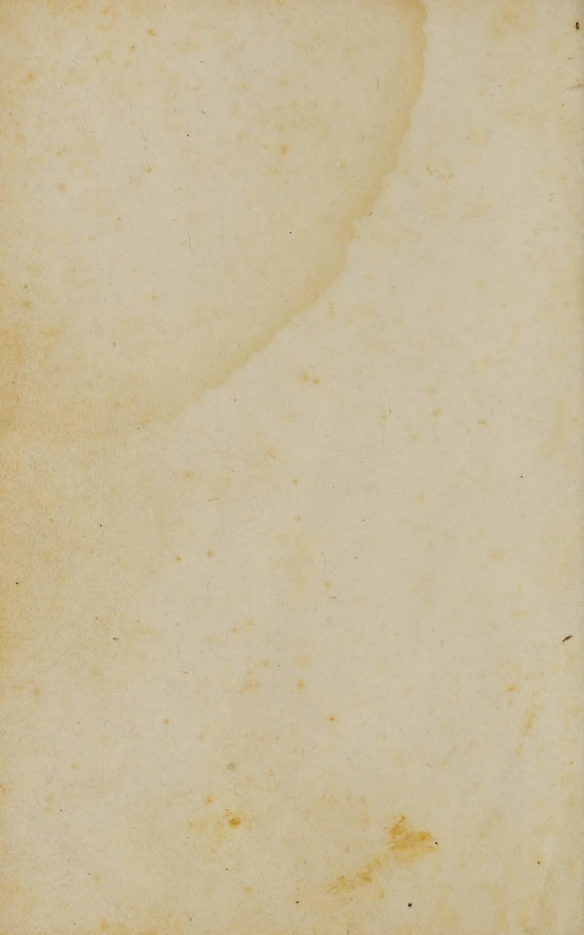


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THE

# SAILOR'S COMPANION;

OR,

## Songs of the Sea.

CONSISTING OF

A WELL-SELECTED COLLECTION OF NAVAL SONGS.

"Don't give up the ship."

"Remote from realms of rival fame,  
Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves;  
The sea, thy birth-right, thou must claim,  
Or, subject, yield the soil it laves."

NEW YORK:

LEAVITT AND ALLEN,  
379 BROADWAY.

**UPB**



### **This Volume is Dedicated**

To the memory of Captain NICHOLAS BIDDLE, who was blown up in the Randolph frigate, of 32 guns, near Barbadoes, in 1776, bravely fighting the British ship Yarmouth, of 64 guns.

### **It is also Dedicated**

To the memory of Captain JAMES LAWRENCE, who fell in the engagement between the frigate Chesapeake, of 36 guns, and the British frigate Shannon, of 44 guns, in 1813.  
*"Don't give up the ship!"*

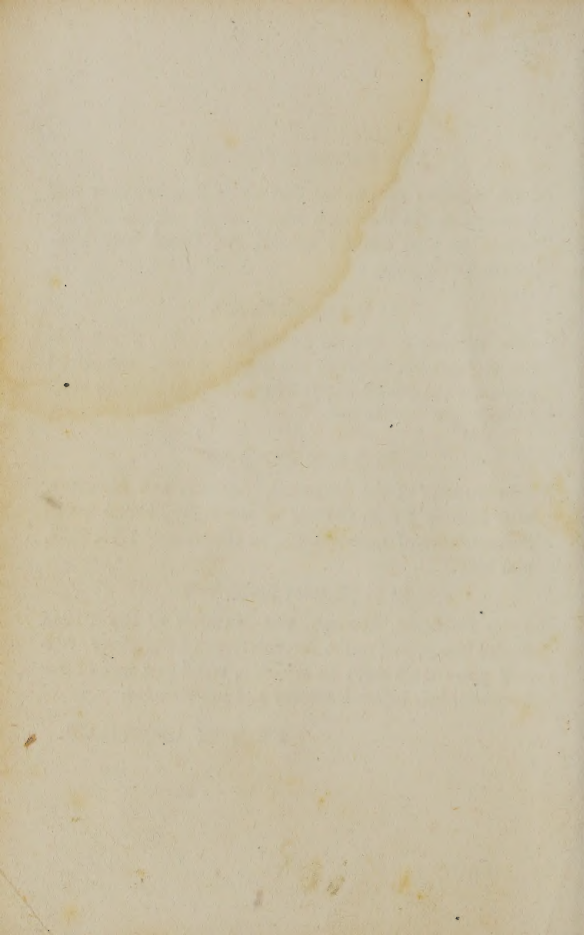
### **It is also Dedicated**

To the memory of the OFFICERS, SEAMEN, and MARINES, who bravely fell in defence of the rights, liberties, and independence of their country, in the wars of 1776, 1804, and 1812.

### **It is likewise Dedicated**

To the OFFICERS, SEAMEN, and MARINES of the United States Navy, and to the APPRENTICES of the Navy, who will yet, should there be occasion, stand as a wall of fire between their beloved country and her enemies.

BY THE COMPILER.



## SAILOR'S COMPANION.



The following prose account of the capture and destruction of the Gaspé tender, is from Cooper's Naval History, and is given to explain the succeeding ballad, which is, as near as may be, a *fac-simile* of the handbill published in 1772.

“One of the first overt acts of resistance that took place in this celebrated struggle, occurred in 1772, in the waters of Rhode Island. A vessel of war had been stationed on the coast to enforce the laws, and a small schooner, called the Gaspé, with a light armament, and twenty-seven men, was employed as a tender to run into the shallow waters of that coast. On the 17th of June, 1772, a Providence packet that plied between New York and Rhode Island, named the Hannah, and commanded by a Captain Linzee, hove in sight of the man-of-war in her passage up the bay. The Hannah was ordered to bring to, in order to be examined; but her master refused to comply; and being favoured by a fresh southerly breeze, that was fast sweeping him out of gunshot, the Gaspé was signalled to follow. The chase continued for five-and-twenty miles, under a press of sail, when the Hannah, coming up with a bar with which her master was familiar, and drawing less water than the schooner, Captain Linzee led the latter on a shoal, where she stuck. The tide falling, the Gaspé slewed, and was not in a condition to be removed for several hours.

The news of the chase was circulated on the arrival of the Hannah at Providence. A strong feeling was excited among the population, and towards evening the town-drummer appeared in the streets assembling the people. A crowd

being collected, the drummer led his followers in front of a shed, when a man, disguised as an Indian, suddenly appeared on the roof, and proclaimed a secret expedition for that night, inviting all of "stout hearts" to assemble on the wharf, precisely at nine, disguised like himself. At the appointed hour, most of the men in the place collected in the place designated, when sixty-four were selected for the undertaking that was in view.

This party embarked in eight of the launches of the different vessels lying at the wharves, and taking with them a quantity of round paving-stones, they pulled down the river in a body.—The commander is supposed to have been a Captain Whipple, who afterwards held a commission in the service of Congress, but none of the names were publicly mentioned at the time. On nearing the Gaspé, about two in the morning, the boats were hailed by a sentinel on deck. This man was driven below by a volley of stones. The commander of the Gaspé now appeared, and ordering the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. The discharge was returned from a musket, and the officer was shot through the thigh. By this time the crew of the Gaspé had assembled, and the party from Providence boarded. The conflict was short, the schooner's people being knocked down and secured. All on board were put into the boats, and the Gaspé was set on fire. Towards morning she blew up.

This bold step naturally excited great indignation in the British officers, and all possible means were taken to discover the offenders. The government at home offered a reward of £1000 sterling for the leader, and £500 to any person who would discover the other parties, with the promise of a pardon, should the informer be an accomplice. But the feeling of the times was too high for the ordinary means of detection, no evidence having ever been obtained sufficient even to arraign a solitary individual, notwithstanding a commission of inquiry, under the great seal of England, sat with that object from January to June, during the year 1773.

Although this affair led to no immediate results, it doubtless had its influence in widening the breach between the opposing parties; and it is worthy of remark, that in it was shed the first blood that flowed in the struggle for American independence; the whole transaction being as direct a resistance to oppression as the subsequent and better-known fight at Lexington.

THE  
SAILOR'S COMPANION.

---

THE GASPÉ.

'Twas in the reign of George the Third  
Our public peace was much disturb'd  
By ships of war, that come and laid  
Within our ports to stop our trade.

In seventeen hundred seventy-two,  
In Newport harbour lay a crew  
That play'd the parts of pirates there,  
The sons of Freedom could not bear.

Sometimes they'd weigh and give them chase—  
Such actions, sure, were very base;  
No honest coasters could pass by  
But what they would let some shot fly.

And did provoke to high degree  
Those true-born sons of Liberty,  
So that they could no longer bear  
Those sons of Belial staying there.

But 'twas not long 'fore it fell out,  
That William Doddington so stout,  
Commander of the Gaspé tender,  
Which he has reason to remember.

Because, as people do assert,  
He almost had his 'ust desert

Here, on the tenth day of last June,  
Between the hours of twelve and one—

Did chase the sloop call'd the Hannah,  
Of whom one Linsey was commander ;  
They dogg'd her up to Providence sound,  
And there the rascal got aground.

The news of it flew, that very day,  
That they on Nanquit point did lay,  
That night, about half after ten,  
Some Naragansett Indian men—

Being sixty-four, if I remember,  
Which made this stout coxcomb surrender :  
And what was best of all their tricks,  
They in his breech a ball did fix.

They set the men upon the land,  
And burn'd her up, we understand ;  
Which thing provoked the king so high,  
He said, "those men should surely die."

So, if he could find them out,  
The hangman he'll employ, no doubt :  
For he has declared, in his passion,  
"He'll have them tried a new fashion."

Now for to find those people out,  
King George has offered, very stout,  
One thousand pounds to find out one  
That wounded William Doddington.

One thousand more he says he'll spare,  
For those who say they sheriffs were :  
One thousand more there doth remain  
For to find out the leader's name.



Likewise, five hundred pounds per man,  
 Of any one of all the clan.  
 But, let him try his utmost skill,  
 I am apt to think, he never will  
 Find out any of those hearts of gold,  
 Though he should offer fifty fold.

---

From the London Evening Post, March 14th—republished in the  
 Pennsylvania Evening Post, June 8, 1775.

### THE SAILOR'S ADDRESS.

COME listen, my cocks, to a brother and friend,  
 One and all, to my song, gallant sailors, attend;  
 Sons of freedom ourselves, let's be just as we're brave,  
 Nor America's freedom attempt to enslave.  
 Firm as oak are our hearts where true glory depends:  
     Steady, boys, steady,  
     We'll always be ready  
 To fight all our foes, not to murder our friends.

True glory can ne'er in this quarrel be won;  
 If New England we conquer, Old England's undone;  
 On our brethren we then will refuse to fix chains,  
 For the blood of Great Britain flows warm in their  
     veins.

Firm as oak, &c.

Shall courtiers' fine speeches prevail to divide  
 Our affection from those who have fought by our side?  
 And who often have join'd us to sink, in the main,  
 The proud, boasting navies of France and of Spain?  
     Firm as oak, &c.

Near relations of some who at court now do thrive,  
 The Pretender did join in the year forty-five;  
 And many in favour, disguised with foul arts,  
 While they roar out for George, are for James in their  
 hearts.

Firm as oak, &c.

Of such men as these let us scorn to be tools  
 Dirty work to perform—Do they take us for fools?  
 Brave sailors are wiser than thus to be bamm'd:  
 Let them turn out themselves, lads, and fight and be  
 damn'd.

Firm as oaks, &c.

To the ground may disputes with our colonies fall,  
 And George long, in splendour, reign king of us all:  
 And may those who would set the two lands by the  
 ears,  
 Be put in the bilboes, and brought to the jeers.  
 Firm as oak, &c.



From the New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury,  
 November 25, 1776.

## A FAVOURITE SONG OF THE REBELS.

*Tune—"The Watery God."*

THE watery god, great Neptune, lay  
 In dalliance soft, and amorous play,  
 On Amphitrite's breast,  
 When up he rear'd his hoary head,  
 The Tritons sunk, the Nereids fled,  
 And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain ;  
The liquid world was wrapp'd in flame—  
The god, amazed, spoke—  
“Go forth, ye winds, and make it known  
Who dares usurp my coral throne,  
And fill my realms with smoke.”

The winds, obsequious to his word,  
Sprung strongly up t' obey their lord,  
And saw two fleets away :  
Hopkins commanded one brave line ;  
The other navy, Howe, was thine,  
In terror and dismay.

Appall'd, they view America's sons  
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,  
And strike the dreadful blow,  
Which made ill-fated British slaves  
Seek life by flying o'er the waves,  
Or sink to shades below.

Amazed, they fly and tell their chief,  
That Howe is ruin'd past relief—  
That Hopkins conquering rode :  
“Hopkins,” cries Amphy, “who is he ?  
Who dares usurp this power at sea,  
And thus insult a god ?

The winds reply ; “In distant land  
A Congress sits, whose martial band  
Defies all Britain's force ;  
And when their floating castles roll  
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
Hopkins directs their course.

“And when their winged bullets fly  
To reinstate fair Liberty,  
And crush oppressive bands,  
Then, valiant Hopkins, calmly great,  
Though death and carnage round him wait,  
Performs their dread commands.

Neptune, with vast amazement, hears  
How great this infant state appears—

What feats these heroes do :  
Washington’s deeds and Putnam’s fame,  
Join’d to great Lee’s immortal name,  
And cries, “Can this be true ?

“A Congress, sure !—they’re brother gods ;  
Who have such heroes at their nods,

To govern earth and sea :  
I yield my trident and my crown,  
A tribute due to such renown :  
These gods shall rule for me.”



### THE DEATH OF CAPT. N. BIDDLE,

Commander of the Randolph frigate, which was blown up  
near Barbadoes.—1776.

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies ?  
What clouds of smoke in columns rise,  
What means this dreadful roar ?  
Is from his base Vesuvius thrown,  
Is sky-topp’d Atlas tumbled down,  
Or Etna’s self no more ?

Shock after shock torments my ear,  
And, lo ! two hostile ships appear—  
Red lightnings round them glow :

The Yarmouth boasts of sixty-four,  
The Randolph thirty-two—no more—  
And will she fight this foe !

The Randolph soon, on Stygian streams,  
Shall coast along the land of dreams,  
The islands of the dead :  
But Fate, that parts them on the deep,  
May save the Briton, yet, to weep  
His days of victory fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,  
Where yonder starry streamer plays ?  
Does Mars with Jove engage ?  
'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,  
Biddle, whose bosom Jove inspires  
With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash !—and hark, the ball  
Drives through old Yarmouth—flames and all :  
Her bravest sons expire :  
Did Mars himself approach so nigh,  
Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly  
The Randolph's fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew—  
“And shall we strike to ‘thirty-two?’”  
Said Hector, stain'd with gore :  
“Shall Britain's flag to these descend ?  
Rise, and the glorious conflict end :  
Britons ! I ask no more !”

He spoke—they charged their cannon round ;  
Again the vaulted heavens resound ;  
The Randolph bore it all,

Then fixed her pointed cannons true :  
Away the unwieldy vengeance flew—  
Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,  
Her wounded hull—shrouds shot away—  
Her boldest heroes dead :

She saw, amidst her floating slain,  
The conquering Randolph stem the main—  
She saw, she turn'd, and fled !

That hour, bless'd chief, had she been thine,  
Dear Biddle, had the powers divine  
Been kind as thou wert brave :  
But Fate, who doom'd thee to expire,  
Prepared an arrow, tipp'd with fire,  
And mark'd a watery grave ;

And in that hour, when conquest came,  
Wing'd at his ship a pointed flame,  
That not even he could shun.

The battle ceased, the Yarmouth fled,  
The bursting Randolph ruin spread,  
And left her task undone !

---

First published in Mr. Francis Bailey's Freeman's Journal,  
Philadelphia, August, 1781.

### ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY

Obtained by the gallant Captain John Paul Jones, of Le Bonne Homme Richard, (or Father Richard,) over the British ship of war Serapis, of forty-four guns, under the command of Captain Pearson.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

O'ER the rough main, with flowing sheet,  
The guardian of a numerous fleet,  
Serapis from the Baltic came ;



A ship of less tremendous force  
Sail'd by her side the selfsame course—  
Countess of Scarborough was her name.

And now their native coasts appear  
Britannia's hills their summits rear  
Above the German main:  
Fond to suppose their dangers o'er,  
They southward coast along the shore,  
Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns Serapis bore,  
And Scarborough's Countess twenty-four,  
Mann'd with Old England's boldest tars:  
What flag that rides the Gallic seas  
Shall dare attack such piles as these,  
Design'd for tumults and for wars?

Now, from the topmast's giddy height,  
A seaman cried, "Four sail, in sight,  
Approach with favouring gales."  
Pearson, resolved to save the fleet,  
Stood off to sea, these ships to meet,  
And closely braced his shivering sails.

With him advanced the Countess bold,  
Like a black tar in wars grown old;  
And now these floating piles drew nigh:  
But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame  
In the other warlike squadron came;  
Whose standards at his mast-heads fly.

'Twas Jones, brave Jones, to battle led  
As bold a crew as ever bled  
Upon the sky-surrounded main;

'The standards of the western world  
Were to the willing winds unfurl'd,  
Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The Good Man Richard led the line;  
The Alliance next: with these combine  
The Gallic ship they Pallas call;  
The Vengeance, armed with sword and flame!  
These to attack the Britons, came;  
But two accomplish'd all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed:  
But who can tell the scenes of dread,  
The horrors of that fatal night!  
Close up these floating castles came:  
The Good Man Richard bursts in flame:  
Serapis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of her ball:  
Down, prostrate, down the Britons' fall;  
The decks were strew'd with slain:  
Jones to the foe his vessel lash'd,  
And, while the black artillery flash'd,  
Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas! that mortals should employ  
Such murdering engines, to destroy  
That frame by heaven so nicely join'd;  
Alas! that e'er the god decreed  
That brother should by brother bleed,  
And pour'd such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear;  
The rights of men demand your care;  
For these you dare the greedy waves.

No tyrant, on destruction bent,  
Has plann'd thy conquests: thou art sent  
To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See! dread Serapis flames again!  
And art thou, Jones, among the slain,  
And sunk to Neptune's caves below?  
He lives: though crowds around him fall,  
Still he, unhurt, survives them all;  
Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain?  
Behold your brave companions slain,  
All clasp'd in ocean's cold embrace!  
"Strike or be sunk," the Briton cries:  
"Sink if you can," the chief replies,  
Fierce lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,  
(Almost deserted by his crew,)  
And charged them deep with wo;  
By Pearson's flash he aimed hot balls;  
His mainmast totters—down it falls,  
O'erwhelming half below.

Pearson had yet disdain'd to yield,  
But scarce his secret fears conceal'd,  
And thus was heard to cry:—  
"With hell, not mortals, I contend:  
What art thou—human, or a fiend,  
That dost my force defy?

"Return, my lads, the fight renew!"  
So call'd bold Pearson to his crew,  
But call'd, alas! in vain:

Some on the decks lay maim'd and dead ;  
Some to their deep recesses fled,  
And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distress'd, forsaken, and alone,  
He haul'd his tattered standard down,  
And yielded to his gallant foe ;  
Bold Pallas soon the Countess took—  
Thus both their haughty colours struck,  
Confessing what the brave can do.

But, Jones, too dearly didst thou buy  
These ships, possess'd so gloriously ;  
Too many deaths disgraced the fray :  
Your bark that bore the conquering flame  
That the proud Briton overcame,  
Even she forsook thee on thy way :

For when the morn began to shine,  
Fatal to her—the ocean brine  
Pour'd through each spacious wound :  
Quick in the deep she disappear'd ;  
But Jones to friendly Belgia steer'd,  
With conquest and with glory crown'd.

Go on, great man, to scourge the foe,  
And bid these haughty Britons know  
They to our “Thirteen stars” shall bend :  
The Stars that, clad in dark attire,  
Long glimmered with a feeble fire,  
But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the Stars that, flaming, rise  
On western worlds, more brilliant skies,  
Fair Freedom's reign restored :

So, when the Magi, come from far,  
Beheld the god-attending star,  
They trembled and adored.

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### AN ODE.

BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenants Somers of the American navy, and his brave companions, before Tripoli, in the summer of 1805.

Commodore Preble, with a view as much as possible to harass the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and a few others. Their orders were, to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could to the town and batteries, and, after firing a train provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape; and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown, with their enemies, into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following ode.

————— Evenit ad deos —  
Aget Penna metuente solvi  
Fama superste —  
————— ibi tu calentem  
Debita sparges, Lachryma faviliam. — *Horace.*

*Recitative.*

DARK is the night, and deep and lowering  
Hang its shadows o'er the main;  
On the billow awful towering,  
Yonder glide the warrior train.  
Not a star betrays their motions,  
Hush'd, unseen, they hold their way

Sullen as the calm of ocean,  
At the lurid close of day.  
Lo! the fleet with valour teeming,  
Dimly skirts the westward sky;  
Hope and doubt alternate beaming  
From the war-instructed eye.  
Preble there, serene, presiding,  
Distant marks the floating death,  
Toward the castle darkly gliding,  
Aided by the breeze's breath.

*Air.*

Chief of daring! thine is glory  
Far beyond the reach of Fate:  
Slain—immortalized in story,  
Living—valorous and great.  
Thine the calm, heroic spirit,  
Firm to act, and bold to dare,  
Or to grasp the meed of merit,  
Or the hero's grave to share!

*Recitative.*

Now the bark, in distance fading,  
Glooms beneath the turret-steep,  
Not a sound the ear invading,  
Save the murmur of the deep.  
Surely she has gain'd her station,  
Lost in distance and in gloom:  
'Tis the pause of expectation—  
'Tis the silence of the tomb.

*Air*

Warriors! rue the gale that bore them:  
Rue the gloom that wrapp'd the skies:



Never shall the sun restore them  
 To your valour-weeping eyes !  
 Shield them, Heaven, amid the explosion :  
 Quickly waft them from the shore.  
 Who can bear the swift concussion ?  
 Who can list the sudden roar ?

*Recitative.*

See, the flash ! one moment shining,  
 Ocean, earth, and heaven illume !  
 Now, again, 'tis lost—resigning  
 Heaven, and earth, and sea to gloom.  
 Horror all, and wild commotion—  
 Shrieks of millions from the shore—  
 Gleaming on the sulphurous ocean,  
 Cannons burst with rapid roar :  
 Atlas, trembling, hears the thunder  
 Bellow through his shores below ;  
 Sees his tawny sons of plunder,  
 Frighted, fly without a foe.

*Air, (by the Turks.)*

Allah ! whence this dire undoing  
 Rushing through the troubled air ?  
 Save, O save thy race from ruin !  
 Shield the faithful from despair !

*Recitative.*

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,  
 Wrapp'd in desolation's reign,  
 Morn, reluctantly disclosing,  
 Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

*Chorus, (by the Crew.)*

Rise in haste, O God of splendour !  
 Valour bids thee swiftly rise :

Triumph to the deeds we'll render  
Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.  
Hail, the wave that, to our wishes,  
Proudly wafts the daring few !  
Hail, the dawn that bears, propitious,  
Fame and Somers to his crew !

*Recitative.*

Morning breaks—but, ah, to languish !  
Lurid was the light it shed  
O'er the inquiring eye of anguish ;  
For the warrior train are fled.

*Air, First.*

Gallant warriors ! well attended  
Rush'd your valour to its grave ;  
Many a foe, convulsive rended,  
Grimly sank beneath the wave.  
Well aveng'd, ere long, you'll number  
Victims, weltering pale and low :  
Many a Turk, in icy slumbers,  
Soon shall knit the savage brow.  
Generous youths your story telling,  
Though a sigh suspend the breath ;  
Every nerve to frenzy swelling,  
Claims a victory from death.

*Air, Second.*

Heralds of your country's glory,  
Dawning on the path of time,  
Age shall kindle at your story,  
Cherish'd oft in future rhyme.  
For, the bard on Fame attending,  
Shall, enraptured by the tale,

O'er his harp of legends bending,  
 Give your glories to the gale.  
 Beauty too, a wreath bestowing,  
 Bids it flourish round your bier—  
 Ever in remembrance glowing,  
 Ever water'd by her tear.

*Air, Third.*

Often shall the Arab wander  
 From his hills of sunny sand,  
 On your deeds of fame to ponder,  
 Circled by his listening band—  
 "Perish'd here," he'll say, "the stranger,  
 When the star of night was high :  
 Like thee, Christian, braving danger,  
 Be it mine like thee to die !"

---

### SONG

On Captain Barney's victory over the ship *General Monk*,  
 April 26, 1782.

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,  
 Long the *General Monk* had reign'd ;  
 All subduing, all reducing,  
 None her lawless rage restrain'd.  
 Many a brave and hearty fellow,  
 Yielding to this warlike foe,  
 When her guns began to bellow,  
 Struck his humbled colours low.

But, grown bold with long successes,  
 Leaving the wide watery way,

She, a stranger to distresses,  
Came to cruise within Cape May.  
“Now we soon,” said Captain Rogers,  
“Shall their men of commerce meet;  
In our hold we’ll have them lodgers.  
We shall capture half their fleet.

“Lo! I see their van appearing—  
Back our topsails to the mast:  
They toward us full are steering  
With a gentle western blast.  
I’ve a list of all their cargoes,  
All their guns, and all their men:  
I am sure these modern Argos  
Can’t escape us, one in ten.

“Yonder comes the charming Sally,  
Sailing with the General Greene:  
First we’ll fight the Hyder Ali:  
Taking her is taking them.  
She intends to give us battle,  
Bearing down with all her sail:  
Now, boys, let our cannon rattle;  
To take her we cannot fail.

“Our eighteen guns, each a nine-pounder,  
Soon shall terrify this foe;  
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,  
Bringing rebel colours low.”  
While he thus anticipated  
Conquests that he could not gain,  
He in the Cape May channel waited  
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,  
Thus address'd his gallant crew :—  
“ Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,  
Let your hearts be firm and true ;  
This is a proud English cruiser,  
Roving up and down the main :  
We must fight her—must reduce her,  
Though our decks be strew'd with slain.

“ Let who will be the survivor,  
We must conquer or must die :  
We must take her up the river,  
Whate'er comes of you or I :  
Though she shows most formidable,  
With her eighteen pointed nines,  
And her quarters, clad in sable,  
Let us balk her proud designs.

“ With four nine-pounders and twelve sixes  
We will face that daring band ;  
Let no dangers damp your courage,  
Nothing can the brave withstand ;  
Fighting for your country's honour,  
Now to gallant deeds aspire ;  
Helmsman, bear us down upon her :  
Gunner, give the word to fire.”

Then, yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,  
Straight began the dismal fray,  
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,  
Belch'd their smoky flames away.  
Soon the langrage, grape, and chain-shot,  
That from Barney's cannons flew,  
Swept the Monk, and cleared each round-top,  
Killed and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally :  
But they from their quarters fled,  
While the roaring Hyder Ali  
Covered o'er his decks with dead.  
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,  
And the streams of blood did flow,  
Then their proudest hopes were humbled  
By their brave inferior foe.  
All aghast, and all confounded,  
They beheld their champions fall ;  
And their captain, sorely wounded,  
Bade them quick for quarter call.  
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,  
And her cannon ceased to roar ;  
By her crew no more defended,  
She confess'd the contest o'er.  
Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,  
You have humbled one proud foe :  
No brave action this surpasses ;  
Fame shall tell the nations so.  
Thus be Britain's woes completed,  
Thus abridged her cruel reign,  
Till she, ever thus defeated,  
Yields the sceptre of the main.

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### TRUXTUN'S VICTORY.

Constellation and L'Insurgent.—1799.

COME, all you Yankee sailors, with swords and pikes  
advance,  
'Tis time to try your courage, boys, and humble  
haughty France.

The sons of France our seas invade,  
Destroy our commerce and our trade :  
'Tis time the reckoning should be paid  
To brave Yankee boys.

On board the Constellation, from Baltimore we came,  
We had a bold commander, and Truxtun was his  
name :

Our ship she mounted forty guns,  
And on the main so swiftly runs,  
To prove to France Columbia's sons  
Are brave Yankee boys.

We sail'd to the West Indies, in order to annoy  
The invaders of our commerce, to burn, sink, and  
destroy.

Our Constellation shone so bright  
The Frenchmen could not bear the sight :  
Away they scamper'd, in a fright,  
From brave Yankee boys.

'Twas on the ninth of February, at Monserrat we lay,  
And there we spied the Insurgent, just at the break of  
day.

We raised the orange and the blue,  
To see if they the signal knew,  
The Constellation and her crew  
Of brave Yankee boys.

All hands were call'd to quarters, and we pursued the  
chase,  
With well primed-guns, our tompions out, and well  
spliced the main brace.



Then soon to France we did draw nigh,  
Compell'd to fight they were, or fly :  
These words were pass'd, " Conquer or die,"  
My brave Yankee boys.

Loud our cannons thundered, with peals tremendous  
    roar,  
And death upon our bullet's wings, that drench'd their  
    decks in gore ;  
The blood did from their scuppers run,  
Their chief exclaimed, " We are undone !"  
Their flag was struck, the battle won  
    By brave Yankee boys.

Then to St. Kitts we steered, we brought her safe in  
    port ;  
The grand salute was fired, and answered from the  
    fort :  
Now sitting round the flowing bowl,  
With hearty glee, each jovial soul,  
Drink, as you fought, without control,  
    My brave Yankee boys.

Now here's a health to Truxtun, who did not fear the  
    sight,  
And those brave Yankee sailors, who for their country  
    fight :  
John Adams in full bumpers toast,  
George Washington, Columbia's boast,  
And now to the girls that we love most,  
    My brave Yankee boys.

## CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.—1812.

I OFTEN have been told,  
That the British seamen bold  
Could beat the tars of France, neat and handy, O ;  
But they never found their match,  
Till the Yankees did them catch—  
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy, O !

O, the Guerriere so bold,  
On the foaming ocean roll'd,  
Commanded by Dacres the grandee, O !  
With as choice a British crew  
As a rammer ever drew,  
They could beat the Frenchmen two to one, so handy, O !

When this frigate hove in view,  
“ O,” said Dacres to his crew,  
“ Prepare ye for action and be handy, O :  
On the weather-gauge we'll get her,  
And to make the men fight better  
We will give to them gunpowder and good brandy, O.”

Now this boasting Briton cries,  
“ Make that Yankee ship your prize,  
You can in thirty minutes do it handy, O :  
Or in twenty-five I'm sure ;  
If you'll do it in a score,  
I'll give you a double share of good brandy, O.

When prisoners we've made them,  
With switchel we will treat them ;  
We'll welcome them with Yankee Doodle Dandy, O :

O, the British balls flew hot,  
But the Yankees answered not,  
Until they got a distance that was handy, O.

“O,” cries Hull unto his crew,  
“We will try what we can do :  
If we beat those boasting Britons we’re the dandy, O.”  
The first broadside we pour’d  
Brought the mizen by the board,  
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy, O.

O, Dacres he did sigh,  
And to his officers did cry,  
O ! I didn’t think the Yankees were so handy, O.  
The second told so well,  
That the fore and main-mast fell,  
That made this lofty frigate look quite dandy, O.

O ! says Dacres, we’re undone :  
So he fires a lee gun,  
And the drummers struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy, O .  
When Dacres came on board,  
To deliver up his sword,  
He was loth to part with it, it look’d so handy, O.

“You may keep it,” says brave Hull ;  
“What makes you look so dull ?  
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy, O.”  
O, Britons now be still,  
Since we’ve hook’d you in the gill :  
Don’t boast upon your Dacres, the grandee, O.

Come, fill your glasses full,  
And we’ll drink to Captain Hull,  
And so merrily we’ll push about the brandy, O.

John Bull may toast his fill,  
Let the world say what it will,  
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

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OLD IRONSIDES; OR, THE U. S. FRIGATE  
CONSTITUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY KING.

HAIL! Lion-tamer of the seas,  
Thrice victorious in the fight!  
Long float thy starr'd flag in the breeze,  
Conqueror of England's might.  
Thou art our navy's brightest star,  
Our country's boast besides;  
What name's so dear to each brave tar,  
As thine, "old Ironsides?"

For when our country's cause seem'd dark,  
And clouds portentous hung,  
"Broadsides of glory" from thy bark  
A halo round it flung.  
The Guerriere's and Java's red-cross'd flags  
Submissively came down:  
Dacres and Lambert—boasting brags—  
Thy prowess had to own.

A trinal triumph has been thine,  
Old cruiser of the seas:  
Fame brightest wreaths for thee will twine,  
Proud victor of victories;  
For sons of freedom serve thy guns,  
And valorous chiefs command;

Columbia's flag floats o'er her sons—  
A bold, chivalrous band.

Cyanne and Levant's scuppers ran  
With Britain's bravest blood,  
When, battling 'gainst the "rights of man,"  
Her sons so reckless stood.  
But, tired at last, fired their lee gun,  
Resistance was in vain.  
Brave Stewart laurel-wreaths had won,  
Amid a heap of slain!

O, may thy course be "onward" still,  
Thy fate be glorious yet!  
The past assures us that it will :  
The dazzling sun's not set !  
And future days again see Hull  
Enveloped in victory's smoke ;  
Thy Bainbridge conquer'd "old John Bull,"  
And spurn'd his slavish yoke.

Thou bearest the image of a chief,  
Whose name, and fame, like thine,  
Midst others stands in bold relief,  
And brilliantly doth shine.  
Brave Jackson is his country's boast,  
A victor in war, like thee :  
He vanquish'd Britain's choicest host—  
Great champion of Liberty !

God speed thy dashing prow among  
The wild surf's laving foam !  
Our harps to sound thy praise are strung,  
When thou returnest home.

For where's the ship can boast a name  
So glorious on the wave ?  
Thy crew's adopted sons of Fame,  
The bravest of the brave.

---

## HALIFAX STATION.—1812

FROM Halifax station a bully there came,  
To take or be taken, call'd Dacres by name :  
But 'twas who but a Yankee he met on his way—  
Says the Yankee to him, “ Will you stop and take  
tea ? ”

Then Dacres steps up, thus addressing his crew :—  
“ Don't you see that d—d flag that is red, white, and  
blue ?

Let us drum all to quarters, prepare for to fight,  
For in taking that ship, boys, it will make me a knight.”

Then up to each mast-head he straight sent a flag,  
Which shows, on the ocean, a proud British brag ;  
But Hull, being pleasant, he sent up but one,  
And told every seaman to stand true to his gun.

Then Hull, like a hero, before them appears,  
And with a short speech his sailors he cheers,  
Saying, “ We'll batter their sides, and we'll do the  
neat thing :

We'll conquer their bully, and laugh at their king.”

Then we off with our hats and gave him a cheer,  
Swore we'd stick by brave Hull, while a seaman could  
steer ;

And at it we went with mutual delight,  
For to fight and to conquer's a sailor's free right.  
Then we crowded all sail, and we ran alongside,  
And we wellfed our bull-dogs with true Yankee pride:  
'Twas broadside for broadside we on them did pour,  
While cannon's loud mouths at each other did roar.

Says Dacres, "Fight on, and we'll have her in tow,  
We will drink to Great Britain, and the cans they  
shall flow;  
So strike, you d—d Yankee, I'll make you with ease:"  
But the man they call Hull, says, "O no, if you  
please."

Then Dacres wore ship, expecting to rake;  
But quite in a hurry, found out his mistake;  
For we luff'd round his bow, boys, and caught his  
jib-boom,  
And, in raking them aft, we soon gave him his doom.

Then Dacres look'd wild, and then sheath'd his sword,  
When he found that his masts were all gone by the  
board,  
And dropping astern cries out to the steward,  
"Come up and be d—d, fire a gun to the leeward."

Then we off with our hats, and we gave them three  
cheers,  
Which bitterly stung all those Englishmen's ears;  
Saying, "We'll fight for our country, do all things  
that's right,  
And let the world know, that green Yankees can fight."

## CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

*Tune—"Derry down."*

"By the trident of Neptune," brave Hull cried, "let's  
steer,

It points out the track of the bullying Guerriere:  
Should we meet her, brave boys, 'Seamen's rights' be  
the cry:

We fight to defend them, to live free or die."

The famed Constitution through the billows now flew,  
While the spray to the tars was refreshing as dew,  
To quicken the sense of the insult they felt,  
In the boast of the Guerriere's not being the 'Belt.'

Each patriot bosom now throb'd with delight,  
When, joyful, the cry was, "A sail is in sight!"  
"Three cheers!" cried the captain: "my lads, 'tis the  
foe;

British pride shall be this day by Yankees laid low."

Behold now the Guerriere, of Britain the boast,  
Her topsails aback, and each tar to his post:  
While Dacres a flag did display from each mast,  
To show that, as Britons; they'd fight to the last.

The American stars now aloft were unfurl'd,  
With her stripes to the mizen-peak; a proof to the  
world,

That howe'er British pride might bluster or fret,  
The sun of her glory should that day be set.

Now, primed with ambition, her guns loaded full,  
The Guerriere's broadsides roar'd tremendous at Hull;  
Not only the hero, ship, and crew to annoy,  
But the *Hull* of our freedom, our rights to destroy.



As the brave Constitution her seamen drew nigh,  
 Each heart beat with valour, joy glisten'd each eye;  
 While Hull, whose brave bosom with glory did swel,  
 Cried, "Free trade—Seamen's rights! now let every  
     shot tell."

Quick as lightning, and fatal as its dreaded power,  
 Destruction and death on the Guerriere did shower,  
 While the groans of the dying were heard in the blast,  
 The word was, "Take aim, boys, away with her  
     mast."

The genius of Britain will long rue this day.  
 The Guerriere's a wreck in the trough of the sea:  
 Her laurels are wither'd, her boasting is done;  
 Submissive—to leeward she fires her last gun.

Now brilliant the stars of America shine,  
 Fame, honour, and glory, brave Hull, they are thine;  
 You have Neptune amazed, caused Britain to weep,  
 While Yankees triumphantly sail o'er the deep.

The sea, like the air, by great Nature's decree,  
 Was given in common, and shall ever be free:  
 But if Ocean's a turnpike, where Britain keeps toll,  
 Hull, Jones, and Decatur will pay for the whole.



### ON THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE,

Captain Dacres, August 19, 1812, by the American frigate  
 Constitution, Captain Hull.

#### AN IRREGULAR ODE.

LONG, the tyrant of our coast,  
     Reign'd the famous Guerriere;  
 Our little navy she defied,  
     Public ship and privateer:

On her sails, in letters red,  
To our captains were display'd  
Words of warning, words of dread,  
"All who meet me, have a care!  
I am England's Guerriere."\*

On the wide Atlantic deep  
    (Not her equal for the fight)  
The Constitution, on her way,  
    Chanced to meet these men of might :  
On her sails was nothing said :  
But her waist the teeth display'd  
That a deal of blood could shed ;  
Which, if she would venture near,  
Would stain the decks of the Guerriere.

Now our gallant ship they met—  
    And, to struggle with John Bull—  
Who had come, they little thought,  
    Strangers, yet, to Isaac Hull ;  
Better, soon, to be acquainted,  
Isaac hail'd the Lord's anointed—  
While the crew the cannon pointed,  
And the balls were so directed  
With a blaze so unexpected ;

Isaac did so maul and rake her,  
That the decks of Captain Dacre  
Were in such a woful pickle,  
As if death, with scythe and sickle,  
With his sling or with his shaft  
Had cut his harvest fore and aft.

---

\* Female Warrior, or Amazon.

Thus, in thirty minutes, ended  
 Mischiefs that could not be mended :  
 Masts, and yards, and ship descended,  
 All to David Jones's locker—  
 Such a ship in such a pucker !

Drink about to the Constitution !  
 She perform'd some execution,  
 Did some share of retribution  
     For the insults of the year  
     When she took the Guerriere.  
 May success again await her,  
     Let who will again command her,  
 Bainbridge, Rodgers, or Decatur :  
     Nothing like her can withstand her  
 With a crew like that on board her  
 Who so boldly call'd "to order"  
 One bold crew of English sailors,  
 Long, too long, our seamen's jailors—  
     Dacres and the Guerriere !

---

### CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

A naval victory, obtained by the American frigate Constitution, Captain Hull, over his Britannic majesty's frigate Guerriere, of forty-nine guns, Captain Dacres.

*Tune—"Tally Ho."*

Ye tars of Columbia ! who seek on the main  
 Redress for the wrongs which your brothers sustain ;  
 Cheer up and be merry, for Mr. John Bull  
 Has got a sound drubbing from brave Captain Hull.  
     Sing, smithero, didero, smithero whack,  
     Let an enemy come, and we'll trundle him back ;

While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,  
He may "Go to the devil and shake himself."

The bold Constitution, a ship of some fame—  
Sure each jolly sailor remembers her name—  
On the nineteenth of August o'ertook the Guerriere,  
A frigate once captured by John from Monsieur.  
Sing, smithero, &c.

At five, post meridian, the action begun,  
For she found 'twas in vain any longer to run,  
So back'd her maintopsail, prepared for the fray,  
As a stag, when he's hunted, will oft stand at bay.  
Sing, smithero, &c.

Our drum beat to quarters, each jolly tar hears,  
And hail'd the glad signal with three hearty cheers:  
All eager for glory, to quarters we fly,  
Resolved for to conquer, or bravely to die.  
Sing, smithero, &c.

Proud Dacres commanded the enemy's ship,  
Who often has sworn every Yankee to whip;  
Who has always boasted, "'twould be his delight,  
To meet an American frigate in fight."  
Sing, smithero, &c.

This boasting commander his crew now address'd,  
(Which was partly composed of Americans "press'd,")  
Says he, "My brave lads, now our wish is fulfill'd,  
For 'tis better to capture a ship than to build.  
Sing, smithero, &c.

"And you who are tired of our boatswain's mate's  
whip,  
And wish to return to some d——d Yankee ship,

Twenty minutes, or less, of our fierce British fire  
Will gain me their ship, and you your desire."

Sing, smithero, &c.

Then at it they went, in a deluge of fire,  
Each party too stubborn an inch to retire :  
Balls, grape-shot, and langrage promiscuously fly,  
While the thunder of cannon shakes ocean and sky.

Sing, smithero, &c.

At a quarter past six, Yankee shot told so well,  
The enemy's mizenmast totter'd and fell :  
While, eager to board him, the order we wait,  
His foremast and mainmast both shared the same fate.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our cabin had now from his guns taken fire,  
Yet danger but kindled our courage the higher :  
'Twas quickly extinguish'd, while Dacres' lee gun  
Proclaimed his ship ours, and the bloody fight done.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our prize we then boarded, all arm'd, in a boat,  
But found her so riddled she'd scarce keep afloat :  
Fifteen of her seamen lay dead in their gore,  
Where, wounded and groaning, lay sixty-four more.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Our loss was but seven, who died in the cause  
Of liberty, glory, religion, and laws ;  
While the like little number will bear to their grave  
Indisputable marks that the Yankees are brave.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Now finding our prize lay along on the main,  
A wreck that ne'er could be refitted again,

We took out the prisoners, then set her on fire,  
And soon put an end to the famous Guerriere.

Sing, smithero, &c.

Now fill up your glasses, my lads, to the brim,  
And toast noble Hull till in toddy you swim:  
Here's a health to that hero, and all his ship's crew,  
For a braver commander no navy e'er knew.

Sing, smithero, &c.

---

### THE CONSTITUTION.

It is said that the following Song was written by an American gentleman at St. Bartholomews.

*Tune—"The Arethusa."*

COLUMBIA's sons, prepare, unite,  
Now for your country's freedom fight,  
And with your sword maintain her right,  
'Gainst pride and persecution;  
And while you scourge our haughty foes,  
I'll sing the martial deeds of those,  
Whose metal tried,  
Soon lower'd the pride  
Of Dacres, who brave Hull defied,  
On board the Constitution.

Nineteenth of August, half past two,  
And past meridian, came in view  
The Guerriere frigate, with her crew,  
All fired with resolution:  
The boasting chieftain bent his course,  
Resolved to put his threats in force,

And with his guns,  
Subdue the sons  
Of Yankees, who no danger shuns,  
On board the Constitution.

Our gallant ship now swiftly flies,  
And every man his gun supplies,  
While our commander cheerly cries,  
“Evince your resolution.”  
With ardour each to action springs,  
Whilst with three cheers the welkin rings;  
Our foes, amazed,  
With wonder gazed,  
To see Columbia's standard raised  
On board the Constitution.

The Guerriere's balls flew thick and hot  
Around us, which we answer'd not,  
But steer'd till within pistol shot,  
Resolved on execution.  
Our first broadside like thunder roar'd  
And brought her mizzen by the board;  
Her mainmast too,  
And foremast flew  
In pieces, while our jovial crew  
Huzza'd the Constitution.

When Dacres first received this check,  
And saw the Guerriere a wreck,  
Himself a prisoner on the deck,  
His ship's crew in confusion—  
Perceived the Yankee boys on board,  
With grief beheld the union lower'd:

All hope now fled,  
He, sighing, said,  
The god of war to victory led  
The frigate Constitution.

This Briton oft had made his boast,  
He'd with his crew, a chosen host,  
Pour fell destruction round our coast,  
And work a revolution;  
Urged by his pride, a challenge sent,  
Bold Rodgers, in the President,  
Wishing to meet  
Him tete-a-tete,  
Or one his equal from our fleet—  
Such was the Constitution.

Columbia's sons! each jovial soul  
Whose glowing breast contemns control,  
Rejoice around the sparkling bowl,  
While wine flows in profusion:  
First Washington—our country's boast;  
The Congress next, shall be our toast,  
One third is due  
Brave Hull and crew;  
Then all who hold our rights in view,  
And guard the Constitution.

---

#### THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

A SAIL! all hands! the boatswain pipes,  
And, instant, at the signal sound,  
Beneath the waving stars and stripes  
Each sailor at his post is found.



Due south, close haul'd, in trim array,  
A gallant frigate's on our lee—  
She hoists her flag—my hearts, huzza!  
Huzza! the English ensign see.

O'er all the crew, with heart elate,  
Our captain glanced his eagle eye,  
And saw each tar impatient wait,  
To meet the veteran enemy.

And see! with topsail to the mast,  
The foe destructive fires prepare,  
As ship to ship, approaching fast,  
All calm and silent, down we bear.

But when yard-arm and yard-arm met,  
Our cannon swept his decks amain,  
In vain that boasted flag he set,  
Which long had awed the subject main.

In vain to every mast he nails  
That flag; for, carried by the deck,  
Like shatter'd oaks in wintry gales,  
Each, crashing, falls—a lumbering wreck.

No Frenchmen now the conflict wage—  
The Briton finds another foe;  
And learns, amidst the battle's rage,  
Columbia's hearts and hands to know.

What shall the desperate chieftain do?  
Around, his bravest men expire!  
No hope is left! he speaks—his crew  
A leeward gun, reluctant, fire.

Columbia! from your fatal sleep  
Arise, your tars, your rights to save!  
Thus guard their freedom on the deep:  
Thus claim your empire on the wave.

---

## HULL'S VICTORY.

O'ER the trident of Neptune, Britannia had boasted,  
Her flag long triumphantly flew,  
Her fleet, undisturb'd, round America coasted,  
Till Hull taught the foe what our seamen could do.  
Let the trumpet of fame tell the story,  
And our tars give to honour and glory.  
Hark! hark! how the cannon like thunder does rattle!  
Our hero's quite cool in the uproar of battle.

See the bold Constitution the Guerriere o'ertaking,  
While seas from her fury divide,  
The all-conquering foe, boys, our thunder is raking—  
See! her mizenmast falls in the deep o'er her side.  
See! her hull now our bullets are boring,  
The blood from her scuppers is pouring!  
See! see! she's aboard—shall we yield, boys?—no  
never:

We'll fight for our rights on the ocean forever.

Brave Hull gave the order for boarding, but, wonder,  
By the board main and foremast both go;  
A lee-gun proclaims she submits to our thunder,  
Which drowns the vain boast of our now humble foe;  
Huzza now the conquest proclaiming,  
Our tars see the Guerriere flaming.

See! see! as she burns sinks the battle's commotion,  
She blows up and scatters her hull on the ocean.

With equal force let Britannia send out her whole  
navy,

Our seamen in bondage to drag,  
Our heroes will send them express to old Davy,  
And conquer or die in defence of their flag.

Let the trumpet of Fame tell the story,  
And our tars give to honour and glory:  
Death! death! they'll prefer, e'er from danger they  
sever:

Then glory to Hull and our navy forever.

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## THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION

A new song, sung before the Corporation of the city of New  
York, the Fourth of July, 1815.

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

*Tune—"Maggy Lauder."*

ARGO of Greece, that brought the fleece

To the Thessalian city,

As we are told, by bards of old,

Was sung in many a ditty.

But Yankees claim a prouder name

To spur their resolution,

Than Greece could boast, and do her most—

The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,

Hope hail'd her pride of story;

Now she o'er pays Hope's flattering praise,

By matchless deeds of glory.

Of all that roam the salt sea's foam,  
None floats to Neptune dearer,  
Or fairer shines in Fame's bright lines,  
Or more makes Britain fear her.

. 'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band,  
And naught beside to back her,  
Upon a day, as log-books say,  
A fleet bore down to thwack her.  
A fleet, you know, is odds, or so,  
Against a single ship, sirs:  
So, cross the tide, her legs she tried,  
And gave the rogues the slip, sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,  
While ploughing ocean's acres,  
An even chance to join the dance,  
And turn, keel up, poor Dacres.  
Dacres, 'tis clear, despises fear—  
Quite full of fun and prank is—  
Hoists his ship's name in playful game,  
Aloft, to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast she ruled the roast,  
When Bainbridge was her captain:  
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,  
. Dead Britons to be wrapp'd in:  
For there, in ire, midst smoke and fire,  
Her boys the Java met, sirs;  
And in the fray, her Yankee play  
Tipp'd Bull a somerset, sirs.

Next, on her deck, at Fortune's beck,  
The dauntless Stewart landed:

A better tar ne'er shone in war,  
 Or daring souls commanded.  
 Old Ironsides, now once more rides,  
 In search of English cruizers;  
 And Neptune grins to see her twins,  
 Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain, the joyful strain,  
 For well she has deserved it,  
 Who brought the foe so often low,  
 Cheer'd freedom's heart, and nerved it;  
 Long may she ride, our navy's pride,  
 And spur to resolution;  
 And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,  
 The "Frigate Constitution."



### CONSTITUTION AND JAVA.

A new song, upon the victory obtained by the American frigate Constitution, over the British frigate Java.

*Tune—"Vive la!"*

YANKEE tars, come join the chorus,  
 Shout aloud the patriot strain;  
 Freedom's flag, again victorious,  
 Floats triumphant o'er the main.

Hail the gallant Constitution:  
 Hull immortalized her name,  
 Bainbridge, round it, in profusion,  
 Pours the golden blaze of fame.

Scarce had Fame her Hull rewarded,  
 Ere intrepid Bainbridge rose,

Eager, while the world applauded,  
To subdue his country's foes.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hull, on board the Constitution,  
Sunk his foe beneath the flood;  
Fired with equal resolution,  
Bainbridge sought the scene of blood.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Lambert met him in the Java,  
Fierce the hot contention rose:  
Like the streams of Etna's lava,  
Fell our vengeance on the foes.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Neptune shunn'd the fierce commotion,  
Saw his realm with carnage spread—  
Saw our fire consume the ocean,  
Cover'd with the floating dead.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Twice had Time his glass inverted,  
While the strife deform'd the flood;  
Ere the fiend of death, diverted,  
Ceased to glut on human blood.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

See, our foe, upon the billow,  
Floats, a wreck, without a spar!  
Lowly lies, on ocean's pillow,  
Many a brave and gallant tar.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Hark! his lee-gun speaks submission;  
Bid our vengeful tars forbear:

Mercy views the foe's condition,  
Sees a bleeding brother there.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Man the boats! the foe, confounded,  
Yields to our superior fire;  
Board the prize! relieve the wounded!  
Ere in anguish they expire.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Ah! the fight was hard contested,  
Groaning there, a hundred bleed:  
Sixty-nine has death arrested,  
From their floating prisons freed.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Clear the wreck! she cannot swim, boys;  
See! she follows the Guerriere!  
Now your cans fill to the brim, boys:  
Sing our navy's bright career.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.

Toast the heroes famed in story—  
Hull, Decatur, Rodgers, Jones:  
Bainbridge, chief in naval glory,  
Smiling Freedom joyful owns.  
Hail, the gallant Constitution, &c.



### THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO.

*Præliis audax, neque te silebo.—Hor.*  
FROM the laurel's fairest bough,  
Let the muse her garland twine,  
To adorn our Porter's brow,  
Who, beyond the burning line,

Led his caravan of tars o'er the tide.

To the pilgrims fill the bowl,  
Who, around the southern pole,  
Saw new constellations roll,  
For their guide.

“Heave the topmast from the board,  
And our ship for action clear,  
By the cannon and the sword,  
We will die or conquer here.

The foe, of twice our force, nears us fast:

To your posts, my faithful tars!  
Mind your rigging, guns, and spars,  
And defend your stripes and stars  
To the last.”

At the captain's bold command,  
Flew each sailor to his gun,  
And resolved he there would stand,  
Though the odds was two to one,

To defend his flag and ship with his life:

High on every mast display'd,  
“God, Our Country, and Free Trade.”  
E'en the bravest braver made

For the strife.

Fierce the storm of battle pours:

But, unmoved as ocean's rock,  
When the tempest round it roars,  
Every seaman breasts the shock,

Boldly stepping where his brave messmates fall.

O'er his head, full oft and loud,  
Like the vulture in a cloud,  
As it cuts the twanging shroud,  
Screams the ball.



Before the siroc blast  
From its iron caverns driven,  
Drops the sear'd and shiver'd mast,  
By the bolt of battle riven,  
And higher heaps the ruin of the deck—  
As the sailor, bleeding, dies,  
To his comrades lifts his eyes,  
“Let our flag still wave,” he cries,  
O'er the wreck.

In echo to the sponge,  
Hark! along the silent lee,  
Oft is heard the solemn plunge,  
In the bosom of the sea.  
'Tis not the sullen plunge of the dead,  
But the self-devoted tar,  
Who, to grace the victor's car,  
Scorns from home and friends afar  
To be led.

Long live the gallant crew  
Who survived that day of blood:  
And may fortune soon renew  
*Equal* battle on the flood.  
Long live the glorious names of the brave  
O'er these martyrs of the deep,  
Oft the roving tar shall weep,  
Crying, “Sweetly may they sleep  
'Neath the wave.”

## THE OCEAN-FIGHT.

The nocturnal engagement between the Wasp and Avon  
gave rise to this poem.

THE sun had sunk beneath the west,  
When two proud barks to battle press'd,  
With swelling sail and streamers dress'd,  
So gallantly.

Proud Britain's pennon flouts the skies:  
Columbia's flag more proudly flies,  
Her emblem stars of victories,  
Beam gloriously.

Sol's lingering rays, through vapours shed,  
Have streak'd the sky of bloody red,  
And now the ensanguined lustre spread  
Heaven's canopy.

Dread prelude to that awful night .  
When Britain's and Columbia's might  
Join'd in the fierce and bloody fight  
Hard rivalry. .

Now, lowering o'er the stormy deep,  
Dank, sable clouds more threatening sweep:  
Yet still the barks their courses keep  
Unerringly.

The northern gales more fiercely blow,  
The white foam dashing o'er the prow;  
The starry crescent round each bow  
Beams vividly.

Near and more near the war-ships ride,  
Till, ranged for battle, side by side,  
Each warrior's heart beats high with pride  
Of chivalry.

'Twas awful, ere the fight begun  
To see brave warriors round each gun,  
While thoughts on home and carnage run,  
Stand silently.

As death-like stillness reigns around,  
Nature seems wrapp'd in peace profound,  
Ere fires, volcanic, mountain bound,  
Burst furiously.

So, bursting from Columbia's prow,  
Her thunder on the red-cross foe,  
The lurid cloud's sulphuric glow  
Glares awfully.

Re-echoing peals more fiercely roar,  
Britannia's shatter'd sides run gore,  
The foaming waves that raged before,  
Sink, tremulous.

Columbia's last sulphuric blaze,  
That lights her stripes and starry rays,  
The vanquish'd red-cross flag betrays,  
Struck fearfully.

And, hark! their piercing shrieks of wo!  
Haste, haste and save the sinking foe:  
Haste, e'er their wreck to bottom go,  
Brave conquerors.

Now, honour to the warriors brave,  
 Whose field of fame, the mountain wave,  
 Their corses bear to ocean's cave,  
     Their sepulchre.

Their country's pæans swell their praise;  
 And whilst the warm tear, gushing, strays,  
 Full many a bard shall chant his lays,  
     Their requiem.



### BATTLE—A NAVAL ODE.—1815.

OF Columbia in her might,  
     Sing again of naval war,  
 When, in fierce and bloody fight,  
     Our gallant, favour'd tar,  
 Brave Biddle, met the foe on the wave :  
 Then thrice Brazilian shore  
 Heard her guns triumphant roar,  
 And its waves drank deep of gore  
     Of the brave.

'Twas March the twenty-third  
     When the Hornet's eager crew  
 The cheering signal heard,  
     And the word as lightning flew,  
 When the seaman, from aloft, cried, "a sail!"  
 Then glanced each stripe and star  
 As, on board, each dauntless tar  
 Gave three cheers, that floated far  
     On the gale.

Now steady gales from west  
     Proudly swell'd the crowded sails,

And glow'd each warrior's breast,  
While through the ship prevails  
Deep silence, like the sleep of the dead—  
Save, at intervals, is heard,  
The captain's mandate word,  
“Keep her steady, thus aboard,  
Mind her head!”

Ranged broadside to broadside,  
For the close decisive fight,  
Waved the St. George in its pride:  
But our victor stars, more bright,  
Beam'd defiance to the might of the foe:  
Soon their shouts that swell the gale,  
Shall be changed to sounds of wail,  
And their “meteor-flag” wane pale  
In their wo.

Then fore and aft each gun  
O'er and o'er its thunders peal'd,  
Till the war-clouds veil'd the sun,  
And each gallant ship conceal'd.  
Yet o'er the deep the battle loudly roar'd:  
Now another broadside given  
As by lightning-blast of heaven,  
The Briton's mast is riven  
By the board.

Now yard and yard engaged,  
O'er the Penguin havoc spread;  
Yet the battle fiercely raged  
Till her deck was strew'd with dead:  
And as the swelling ocean made her heel,  
By sulphureous blaze reveal'd,

As each thundering broadside peal'd,  
The shatter'd Red-cross reel'd  
On her keel.

Then sunk Britannia's pride;  
Waved her haughty flag no more;  
But, o'er the troubled tide,  
The proud Britons aid implore,  
And quarters from the valiant victors crave.  
Ceased the fierce and bloody fray,  
And the dun clouds roll'd away,  
When, a wreck, the Briton lay  
On the wave.

Now laud we that good Power  
Who our gallant hero saved,  
When danger's darkest hour  
On the deck of fame he braved,  
And the victor's eagle perch'd upon his crest—  
And the fame shall spread afar  
Of each true patriot tar  
Who has triumph'd 'neath the star  
Of the west!

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#### ENTERPRISE AND BOXER.—1813.

AGAIN Columbia's stripes, unfurl'd,  
Have testified before the world,  
How brave are those who wear 'em;  
The foe has now been taught again  
His streamers cannot shade the main  
While Yankees live to share 'em.

Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill !  
The brave are very generous still,  
But teach the foes submission :  
Now twice three times his flag we've gain'd,  
And more, much more, can be obtain'd  
Upon the same condition.

The gallant Enterprise her name,  
A vessel erst of little fame,  
Had sail'd and caught the foe, sirs ;  
'Twas hers the glory and the gain,  
To meet the Boxer on the main,  
And bring her home in tow, sirs.  
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c

Fierce lightnings gleam and thunders roar,  
While round and grape in torrents pour,  
And echo through the skies, sirs ;  
When minutes forty-five had flown,  
Behold the Briton's colours down !—  
She's yielded up a prize, sirs.  
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

The victory gain'd, we count the cost,  
We mourn, indeed, a hero lost !  
Who nobly fell, we know, sirs ;  
But Burrows, we with Lawrence find,  
Has left a living name behind,  
Much honour'd by the foe, sirs.  
Huzza ! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

And while we notice deeds of fame,  
In which the gallant honours claim ;  
As heroes of our story,

The name of Blyth a meed demands,  
Whose tomb is deck'd by freemen's hands,  
Who well deserve the glory.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill, &c.

Then, while we fill the sparkling glass,  
And cause it cheerly round to pass,

In social hours assembled ;

Be Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jones,  
Lawrence and Burrows—Victory's sons,  
With gratitude remember'd.

Huzza! once more for Yankee skill, &c.



#### HORNET AND PEACOCK.—1813.

YE Demo's, attend, and ye Federals, too ;  
I'll sing you a song that you all know is true,  
Concerning the Hornet, true stuff, I'll be bail ;  
That humbled the Peacock, and lower'd her tail.

Sing hubber, O, hubber, cries old Granny Weal,  
The Hornet can tickle the British bird's tail ;  
Her stings are all sharp, and they'll pierce without  
fail,

Success to our navy, cries old Granny Weal.

This bird it was bred in the land of King George,  
Her feathers were fine, her tail very large ;  
She spread forth her wings, like a ship in full sail,  
And prided herself in the size of her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

King George then says, " To America go,  
The Hornet—the Wasp is the British king's foe ;



Pick them up, my dear bird, spread your wings to the  
gale,

But beware of those insects," cries old Granny Weal.  
Sing hubber, &c.

Away flew this bird at the word of command,  
Her flight was directed to Freedom's own land ;  
The Hornet discover'd her wings on the sail,  
And quickly determined to tickle her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

So at it they went, it was both pick and sting,  
The Hornet still working keen under her wing ;  
"American insects," quoth she, "I'll be bail,  
Will humble the king-bird, and tickle her tail."

Sing hubber, &c.

The Peacock now mortally under her wing,  
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting ;  
She flatten'd her crest like a shoal on the wail,  
Sunk down by her side, and lower'd her tail.

Sing hubber, &c.

Here's success to brave Lawrence, who well knew the  
nest,

Where the Hornet and Wasp with honour still rest,  
We'll send them with force, and with skill, I'll be bail,  
Will humble King George, and tickle his tail.

Sing hubber, &c.



#### THE GENERAL ARMSTRONG.—1814.

COME, all you sons of Liberty, that to the seas belong,  
It's worth your whole attention to listen to my song ;

The history of a privateer I will detail in full,  
That fought a "six-and-thirty" belonging to John Bull.  
The General Armstrong she is called, and sailed from  
New York,  
With all our hearts undaunted, once more to try our  
luck ;  
She was a noble vessel, a privateer of fame :  
She had a brave commander, George Champlin was  
his name.

We stood unto the eastward, all with a favouring gale,  
In longitude of fifty we spied a lofty sail :  
Our mainsail being lower'd and foresail to repair,  
Our squaresail being set, my boys, the wind it proved  
fair.

We very soon perceived the lofty ship to be  
Bearing down upon us while we lay under her lee ;  
All hands we call'd, and sail did make, then spliced  
the main-brace,  
Night coming on, we sail'd so fast, she soon gave up  
the chase.

Then to Barbadoes we were bound, our course so well  
did steer ;  
We cruised there for several days, and nothing did  
appear :

'Twas on the 11th of March, to windward of Surinam,  
We spied a lofty ship, my boys, at anchor near the  
land ;

All hands we call'd to quarters, and down upon her  
bore,

'Thinking 'twas some merchant-ship then lying near  
the shore.

She quickly weighed anchor and from us did steer,  
And setting her top-gallant sail as if she did us fear,  
But soon we were alongside of her, and gave her a gun,  
Determined to fight, my boys, and not from her to run.

We hoisted up the bloody flag and down upon her bore,  
If she did not strike, my boys, no quarters we would  
show her;

Each man a brace of pistols, a boarding-pike and  
sword,

We'll give her a broadside, my boys, before we do her  
board.

All hands at their quarters lay, until we came along-  
side,

And gave them three hearty cheers, their British cou-  
rage tried.

The lower ports she had shut in, the Armstrong to  
decoy,

But quickly she her ports did show, to daunt each  
Yankee boy.

The first broadside we gave them true, their colours shot  
away,

Their topsail, haultards, mizen rigging, main and  
mizen stay,

Two ports we did knock into one, his starboard quarter  
tore,

They overboard their wounded flung, while cannons  
loud did roar.

She wore directly round, my boys, and piped all hands  
on deck,

For fear that we would board and serve a Yankee trick ;

To board a six-and-thirty it was in vain to try,  
While the grape, round, and langrage, like hailstones  
they did fly.

Brave Champlin on the quarter-deck so nobly gave  
command :

“Fight on, my brave Americans, dismast her if you  
can.”

The round, grape, and star-shot so well did play,  
A musket-ball from the maintop brave Champlin low  
did lay.

His wound was quickly dress'd, while he in his cabin  
lay ;

The doctor, while attending, these words he heard him  
say,

“Our Yankee flag shall flourish,” our noble captain  
cried,

“Before that we do strike, my boys, we'll sink along-  
side.”

She was a six-and-thirty, and mounted forty-two,  
We fought her four glasses, what more then could we  
do ;

Till six brave seamen we had kill'd, which grieved us  
full sore,

And thirteen more wounded lay bleeding in their gore.

Our foremast being wounded, and bowsprit likewise ;  
Our lower rigging fore and aft, and headstay beside ;  
Our haulyards, braces, bowling, and foretop sheet also,  
We found we could not fight her, boys, so from her  
we did go.

Our foremast proving dangerous, we could not carry sail,  
Although we had it fish'd and welded with a chain ;

It grieved us to the heart to put up with such abuse,  
For this damn'd English frigate has surely spoil'd our  
course.

Here's success attend brave Champlin, his officers and  
men,  
That fought with courage keen, my boys, our lives to  
defend ;  
We fought with much superior force, what could we  
do more ?  
Then haul'd our wind and stood again for Freedom's  
happy shore.

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#### THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—1813.

“To clear the lake of Perry's fleet,  
And make his flag his winding-sheet,  
This is my object, I repeat,”  
Said Barclay, flush'd with native pride,  
To some who serve the British crown ;  
But they, who dwell beyond the moon,  
Heard this bold menace, with a frown,  
Nor the rash sentence ratified.

Ambition so bewitch'd his mind,  
And royal smiles had so combined  
With skill, to act the part assign'd,  
He for no contest cared a straw ;  
The ocean was too narrow far  
To be the seat of naval war ;  
He wanted lakes, and room to spare,  
And all to yield to Britain's law.

And thus he made a sad mistake ;  
Forsooth he must possess the lake,  
As merely made for England's sake,  
    To play her pranks and rule the roast ;  
Where she might govern uncontroll'd,  
An unmolested empire hold,  
And keep a fleet to fish up gold,  
    To pay the troops of George Prevost.

The ships approach'd, of either side,  
And Erie, on his bosom wide,  
Beheld two hostile navies ride,  
    Each for the combat well prepared :  
The lake was smooth, the sky was clear,  
The martial drum had banish'd fear,  
And death and danger hover'd near,  
    Though both were held in disregard.

From lofty heights their colours flew,  
And Britain's standard, all in view,  
With frantic valour fired the crew  
    That mann'd the guns of Queen Charlotte.  
"And we must Perry's squadron take,  
And England shall command the lake ;  
And you must fight for Britain's sake,"  
    Said Barclay : "sailors, will you not ?"

Assent they gave with heart and hand ;  
For never yet a braver band  
To fight a ship, forsook the land,  
    Than Barclay had on board that day ;  
The guns were loosed the game to win,  
Their muzzles gaped a dismal grin,  
And out they pull'd their tompion-pin,  
    The bloody game of war to play.

But Perry soon with flowing sai  
Advanced, determined to prevail  
When from his bull-dogs flew the hail,  
Directed full at Queen Charlotte.  
His wadded guns were aim'd so true,  
And such a weight of ball they threw,  
As, Barclay said, he never knew  
To come, before, so scalding hot !

But still, to animate his men,  
From gun to gun the warrior ran,  
And blazed away and blazed again,  
Till Perry's ship was half a wreck :  
They tore away both tack and sheet ;  
Their victory might have been complete  
Had Perry not, to shun defeat,  
In lucky moment left his deck.

Repairing to another post,  
From another ship he fought their host,  
And soon regain'd the fortune lost,  
And down his flag the Briton tore :  
With loss of arm and loss of blood  
Indignant, on his decks he stood  
To witness Erie's crimson flood,  
For miles around him, stain'd with gore !  
Thus, for dominion of the lake,  
These captains did each other rake,  
And many a widow did they make ;  
Whose is the fault, or who to blame ?  
The Briton challenged with his sword,  
The Yankee took him at his word,  
With spirit laid him close on board,  
They're ours—he said—and closed the game.

## JOHNNY BULL'S BIG GUNS.

*Tune—"Shamrock so green."*

SURE, have you not heard of that pesky John Bull,  
Who eternally quarrels and acts like a fool,  
With his big guns and rockets, and pumpkin-shell  
bombs?

The prints they all tell us, you know they won't lie,  
They 'press'd all our seamen, gave no reason why;  
Took all the fine vessels our carpenters made,  
And they scared us so deucedly that no one dare trade,  
With their big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

Our Jemmy he bore it, though grit to the bone,  
Saying, "You'd better be easy, and let us alone,  
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

Why, what in the world do you mean by this fuss?  
We don't trouble you, why put upon us?  
You had better be easy, and mind what you're about,  
Or a slap in your blubber-chops will make you look out,  
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs."

Then at it we went, as they gave us no peace,  
And we flogg'd them a dozen times, sleek, sir, as  
grease,  
With our long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

A twelvemonth ago you got nicely beat;  
On some tarnal big pond, Perry took your whole fleet,



And then on another pond, not quite so big,  
M'Donough has run you another such rig,  
With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

And now, as I said, 'twas a year and a day  
Since Perry he show'd you such true Yankee play,  
With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

That famous M'Donough poked into your muns,  
What you could not swallow, right out of our guns;  
Gave your whole fleet a whipping and caused them to  
strike,

And I guess that's a joke that you did not much like,  
With your big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

Why can't you be easy and let us alone?  
We Yankees want nothing but what is our own,  
With our long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

We have rusty old muskets and bayonets enough,  
And our dads had a chance of trying their stuff;  
They fought like Old Nick for our freedom and fame,  
And d——n the mean coward that won't do the same,  
With his long guns and muskets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

At length Johnny Bull he got tired of such fun,  
And concluded 'twas best to pack up and run  
With his big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

If he comes here again on another such game,  
He'll find that the Yankees are still the same;

They'll kick him, and cuff him, and knock him about,  
That he'll scarcely be able to get out of port,  
With his big guns and rockets and pumpkin-shell  
bombs.

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PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.—1813.

FROM hill-tops to valleys, where rush'd the rude foun-  
tain,

Reverb'rating echo descends to the plain ;  
A messenger sent by the maid of the mountain,  
To hail her brave children, her sons on the main.  
She flies, and the caves utter forth their devotion,  
The forest in silence reclines on the air,  
She waits by the side of a hill-border'd ocean,  
And greets thus those heroes, who won laurels there.

Rejoice, O, my heart, it is time to make merry ;  
For each, in his turn, has had at Britain a blow :  
The last, though not least, is the name of our Perry,  
Who lately has swept from the ocean the foe.  
By Malden protected, the union was soaring,  
On Erie a visit she durst not to make,  
Until a ground in Superior, the fleet slipp'd her mooring,  
Thus Perry was posted, who watch'd on the lake.

Six boats trimm'd for battle, the red cross displaying,  
Commanded by Barclay, with wings wide out-  
spread ;

Forsook her strong-hold, on broad Erie a straying,  
To meet with the foe she so lately did dread.  
But Perry in union Jack joyfully greeting,  
Address'd thus his tars, who, impatient, stood by :

My boys, they have come ! let us welcome the meeting !  
Remember we conquer—we conquer or die.

The stripes and the stars on our banners were waving ;  
The eagle was perch'd in the noon-beaming sun :  
The battle ten minutes at us had been raging,  
E'er Perry thought proper to give them a gun ;  
Then, like a strong lion disturb'd in his quarters,  
Destruction and carnage from slumber arose ;  
And death, in a flame, walk'd abroad on the waters,  
In council deciding the fates of the foes.

Their dooms were promulged in the voice of the  
thunder :

The flash and the sword did enforce the decree ;  
Astonishment stood, with his eyes stretch'd in wonder,  
To witness the will of the almighty three.  
Half-hid in the smoke the fleets were contending,  
The jaws pour'd fire, whilst the wide waters shake :  
“ My tars, we have conquer'd ! see the union de-  
scending,  
The eagle, triumphant, shall soar on the lake.”

Here's success to the name that shall long live in  
story,

It is Perry who pleads with such force for our  
rights ;  
His manners won art, whilst his valour won glory—  
Now pledge him a brother, approved by the fight.  
Whilst Perry, in conquest, so modestly glowing,  
May Yankee tars ever receive their renown :  
And now, whilst in bumpers we have honours that's  
flowing,  
Remember, the union we conquer'd came down.

## THE BATTLE OF ERIE.—1813

AVAST, honest Jack ! now, before you get mellow,  
Come tip us that stave just, my hearty old fellow,  
'Bout the young commodore, and his fresh-water crew,  
Who keelhaul'd the Britons, and captured a few.

“ 'Twas just at sunrise, and a glorious day,  
Our squadron at anchor snug in Put-in-Bay,  
When we saw the bold Britons, and clear for a bout,  
Instead of put in, by the Lord we put out.

Up went union-jack, never up there before,  
'Don't give up the ship' was the motto it bore ;  
And as soon as that motto our gallant men saw,  
They thought of their Lawrence, and shouted huzza !

“ O ! then it would have raised your hat three inches  
    higher,  
To see how we dash'd in among them like fire !  
The Lawrence went first, and the rest as they could,  
And a long time the brunt of the action she stood.

“ 'Twas peppering work—fire, fury, and smoke,  
And groans that from wounded lads, spite of 'em,  
    broke.

The water grew red round our ship as she lay,  
Though 'twas never before so till that bloody day.

“ They fell all around me like spars in a gale ;  
The shot made a sieve of each rag of a sail ;  
And out of our crew scarce a dozen remain'd ;  
But these gallant tars still the battle maintain'd.

“’Twas then our commander—God bless his young heart,

Thought it best from his well-pepper’d ship to depart,  
And bring up the rest, who were tugging behind—  
For why—they were sadly in want of a wind.

“So to Yarnall he gave the command of his ship,  
And set out, like a lark, on this desperate trip,  
In a small open yawl, right through their whole fleet,  
Who with many a broadside our cockboat did greet.

“I steer’d her, and damme if every inch  
Of these timbers of mine at each crack did’nt flinch:  
But our tight little commodore, cool and serene,  
To stir ne’er a muscle by any was seen.

“Whole volleys of muskets were levell’d at him,  
But the devil a one ever grazed e’en a limb,  
’Though he stood up aloft in the stern of the boat  
’Till the crew pull’d him down by the skirt of his coat.

“At last, through Heaven’s mercy we reach’d t’other ship,  
And the wind springing up, we gave her the whip,  
And run down their line, boys, through thick and  
through thin,  
And bother’d their crews with a horrible din.

“’Then starboard and larboard, and this way and that,  
We bang’d them and raked them, and laid their masts flat,  
Till, one after t’other, they haul’d down their flag,  
And an end, for that time, put to Johnny Bull’s brag.

“The Detroit, and Queen Charlotte, and Lady Prevost,  
Not able to fight or run, gave up the ghost:  
And not one of them all from our grapplings got free,  
Though we’d fifty-four guns, and they just sixty-three.

“Smite my limbs! but they all got their bellies full  
then,  
And found what it was, boys, to buckle with men,  
Who fight, or, what’s just the same, think that they  
fight  
For their country’s free trade and their own native  
right.

“Now give us a bumper to Elliott and those  
Who came up, in good time, to belabour our foes:  
To our fresh-water sailors we’ll toss off one more,  
And a dozen, at least, to our young commodore.

“And though Britons may brag of their ruling the  
ocean,  
And that sort of thing, by the Lord, I’ve a notion,  
I’ll bet all I’m worth—who takes it—who takes?  
Though they’re lords of the sea, we’ll be lords of the  
lakes.”



### AMERICAN PERRY.—1813.

*Tune—“Abraham Newland.”*

BOLD Barclay, one day, to Proctor did say,  
“I’m tired of Jamaica and Sherry;  
So let us go down to that new floating town  
And get some American Perry—

O, cheap American Perry !  
Most pleasant American Perry !  
We need only all bear down, knock, and call,  
And we'll have the American Perry.

“The landlady's kind, weak, simple, and blind ;  
We'll soon be triumphantly merry !  
We've cash in the locker, and custom shall shock her,  
And we'll soon get a taste of her Perry—  
O, American Perry !  
The sparkling American Perry !  
No trouble we'll find, your orders to mind,  
So away for American Perry.”

All ready for play, they got under way,  
With heart and hand right voluntary :  
But when they came there, they quickly did stare,  
At the taste of American Perry :  
O, the American Perry !  
Sparkling American Perry.  
How great the deception, when such a reception  
They met from American Perry.

They thought such a change was undoubtedly strange,  
And rued their unlucky vagary :  
Your liquor's too hot, keep it still in the pot,  
O ! cork your American Perry—  
O ! this American Perry—  
Fiery American Perry :  
In my noddle 'twill work ; it's a dose for a Turk—  
O ! O ! this American Perry.

Full surely they knew the scrape would not do ;  
'Twould ruin his majesty's ferry :

So they tried to turn tail, with a rag of a sail,  
And quit this American Perry—  
O, the American Perry!  
Flushing American Perry.

But the crossing the lake was all a mistake—  
They had swallow'd so much of the Perry.

Then Barclay exclaim'd, "I cannot be blamed—  
For well I've defended each wherry:  
My men are so drunk, and some so defunct—  
If I strike to American Perry.  
O, this American Perry!  
Thundering American Perry.

Such hot distillation would fuddle our nation,  
Should it taste the American Perry."

The stuff did so bruise his staggering crews,  
That some with their feet were unwary;  
While some had their brains knock'd out for their  
pains,  
By this shocking American Perry:  
O, American Perry!  
Outrageous American Perry!  
Old, tough British tars, all covered with scars,  
Capsized by American Perry.

The Indians on shore made a horrible roar,  
And left every ground-nut and berry;  
Then scamper'd away, for no relish had they  
For a dose of American Perry—  
O, American Perry!  
Confounding American Perry,  
While General Proctor looked on like a doctor,  
At the deadly American Perry.



The Briton was sick, being *pear'd* to the quick,  
 And his vessels were quite fragmentary;  
 So, scolding his luck, he prudently struck  
 'To a stream of American Perry—

O, American Perry!

Persevering American Perry!

A whole British fleet, ship to ship, has been beat,  
 By an American commodore—"Perry!"

On American ground, where such spirit is found,  
 Let us toast the brave "Heroes of Erie;"  
 And never forget those whose life-sun did set,  
 By the side of their Commodore Perry—

O, brave American Perry!

Triumphant American Perry!

Let us remember the "Tenth of September,"  
 When a fleet struck to Commodore Perry.



### PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

You Parliament of England, you Lords and Commons  
 too,

Consider well what you're about, and what you mean  
 to do;

You're now at war with Yankees: I'm sure you'll rue  
 the day

You roused the sons of Liberty in North America.

You first confined our commerce: you said our ships  
 shan't trade,

You then impress'd our seamen, and used them as  
 slaves;

You then insulted Rodgers, while cruising on the  
main,  
And had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees  
could not fight,  
Until bold Hull the Guerriere took, and banish'd her  
from sight.

The Wasp next took your Frolic—you nothing said  
to that:

The Poictiers being off the coast, of course you took  
her back.

Next your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim,  
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he took  
her in.

The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must  
know;

The Peacock, in all her pride, by Lawrence down  
did go.

Then you sent your Boxer, to beat us all about,  
We had an Enterprising brig, that beat the Boxer out;  
Then boxed her up to Portland, and moor'd her off  
the town,

To show the sons of Liberty this Boxer of renown.

Then up upon Lake Erie brave Perry had some fun:  
You own he beat your naval force, and caused them  
to run;

While Chauncey, on Ontario, the like ne'er known  
before,

Your British squadron beat complete—some took,  
some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian allies, you call'd them by that  
name,

Until they turn'd the tomahawk, they savages be-  
came;

Your mean insinuations they despised from their souls,  
And join'd the sons of Liberty, that scorn to be con-  
troll'd.

Now remember, you Britons, far distant is the day  
That e'er you'll gain by British force your lost America;  
Go tell your king and parliament, by all the world it's  
known,

That British force, by sea and land's by Yankees over-  
thrown.

Use every endeavour, and try to cause a peace,  
For Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to in-  
crease.

They will enforce their commerce: their laws by  
Heaven were made,

That Yankee ships, in time of peace, to any port  
might trade.

Grant us free trade and commerce, don't you impress  
our men;

Give up all claims to Canada, then we'll make peace  
again.

Then, England, we'll respect you, and treat you as a  
friend;

Respect our flag and citizens, then all these wars will  
end.

Our Rodgers, in the President, will burn, sink, and  
destroy,

The Congress, on the Brazil coast, your commerce  
will annoy.

The Essex, in the South Sea, will put out all your lights,  
The flag she wears at mast-head, is "Free trade, and  
sailor's rights."

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## TOM JUNK.

*Tune—"Thy Blue Waves, O Carron."*

"THE wave of old Ocean's the field for the brave,  
D'ye see, Jack," thus says the old song as it goes ;  
"And, somehow or other, if one meets a grave,  
Why, it comes in the shape of our country's foes.  
And to die in the cause of mankind, and our own,  
Is the pride and the joy of a true-hearted tar ;  
While the cherub of light sweetly sings his renown,  
Which flies to the land of his home from afar."

'Twas thus as we swung in our hammocks one night,  
Tom Junk to his messmates so gallantly spake,  
We heard him with joy, and our bosoms beat light,  
In the hope that we stood in the enemy's wake.  
Next day was the battle—our foes they were bold,  
But American sailors to conquer were sworn ;  
And though fiercely the tide of the conflict was roll'd,  
The wreath from the brow of Britannia was torn.

In the midst of the fight, when the scuppers ran blood,  
Bold Tom, like a lion, the contest maintain'd ;  
At his gun, undismay'd and collected, he stood,  
While the bullets on deck like a wild tempest rain'd.  
He stood at his gun, with a soul so serene,  
That he jested and laugh'd to his messmates around ;  
But the moment that victory lighted the scene,  
He fell, like the oak, in full majesty crown'd.

He fell—but the soul of the sailor was strong:  
His eyes to the flag of Columbia rose,  
And he smiled to his friends, as it floated along  
From the top of the conquer'd, but proudest of foes.  
He smiled, but the cheek of the hero grew pale:  
Huzza! and his eyes were no longer so bright;  
His soul on the pinions of glory set sail,  
And Victory bore him aloft in our sight.

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ON VIEWING THE NAVAL PROCES-  
SION AT NEW YORK,

September 15, 1813.

WHERE slowly moves the warrior's laurell'd bier  
In all the pomp of wo—its sad array;  
Why Nature there refuse the tribute tear,  
Which still to Worth, to Genius she will pay?  
Why, Sympathy, didst sleep within thy coral cell,  
As pass'd Columbia's fallen hero by:  
And no fond looks his deeds of valour tell,  
Nor crystal tear-drop fill the trembling eye!  
Such were not Nature in that lofty hour,  
When patriots feel the hero gone from earth;  
The soul, enchanted by a bolder power,  
Gives to each passion yet a nobler birth.  
A sacred fire burns in every vein,  
O'er every limb—through every nerve it steals;  
Thrills through the heart with unresisted reign,  
Refines the spirit that sublimely feels!  
Upward is raised the soul-expressing eye,  
Flash'd with its generous, its exulting fire;

Follows the hero to his kindred sky,  
And hears the requiem of celestial choir!

The solemn scene, less eloquent of woes,  
Tells of heroic worth, of deeds in arms;  
A kindling joy through every life-pulse glows—  
Passion is clad in more than mortal charms.

And as he pauses 'bove the array of earth,  
The soul is busied in its proud employ;  
'Tis there it feels—it owns immortal birth—  
The hallow'd scene is redolent of joy!

But onward—follow to the silent grave,  
Where the cold clods with solemn music blend;  
O! Nature there her tender tribute gave,  
And wept the Christian, father, and the friend.

The sterner warrior melts with willing wo,  
Nor shames to feel the kindred pulse of earth;  
A small, fond relic, that we still may know,  
How the celestial was of mortal birth.

Each loftier passion left its wonted throne,  
And from the trembling soul a moment fled;  
Dear Sensibility then claims her own,  
He who in victory Pity captive lead!

The pæans swell, with solemn musings fraught,  
Nor raised the heart, nor tranquillized the soul—  
Back to the world that fleeting form it brought;  
Of him endear'd by Virtue's soft control.

Columbia long for such a son shall mourn;  
The stranger oft shall pause upon his grave;  
And many a hand shall decorate his urn,  
And love to stay where sleeps the fallen brave

The patriot here his votive wreath shall twine,  
Long shall he glory in the warrior's name—  
The name of Lawrence purity enshrine,  
Who fought for freedom, hallow'd is by fame.

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### PERRY'S VICTORY.

YE tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,  
Who fought with brave Perry, where cannons did  
    roar;  
Your valour has gain'd you an immortal glory,  
A fame that shall last till time is no more.  
Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,  
They rake fore and aft, when they fight on the deep;  
On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,  
They caused many Britons to take their last sleep.  
The tenth of September, let us all remember,  
So long as the globe on her axis rolls round;  
Our tars and marines, on Lake Erie were seen,  
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down.  
The van of our fleet, the British to meet,  
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down.  
Her guns they did roar with such terrific power,  
That savages trembled at the dreadful sound.  
The Lawrence sustained a most dreadful fire;  
She fought three to one, for two glasses or more;  
While Perry, undaunted, did firmly stand by her,  
The proud foe on her heavy broadsides did pour.  
Her masts being shatter'd, her rigging all tatter'd,  
Her booms and her yards being all shot away;  
And few left on deck to manage the wreck,  
Our hero on board her no longer could stay.

In this situation, the pride of our nation  
Sure Heaven had guarded unhurt all the while,  
While many a hero, maintaining his station,  
Fell close by his side, and was thrown on the pile.  
But mark you, and wonder, when elements thunder,  
When death and destruction are stalking all round,  
His flag he did carry on board the Niagara;  
Such valour on record was never yet found.

There is one gallant act of our noble commander,  
While writing my song, I must notice with pride;  
While launch'd in the boat, that carried the standard,  
A ball whistled through her, just close by his side.  
Says Perry, "The rascals intend for to drown us,  
But push on, my brave boys, you never need fear!"  
And with his own coat he plugg'd up the boat,  
And through fire and sulphur away he did steer.

The famed Niagara, now proud of her Perry,  
Display'd all her banners in gallant array;  
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,  
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.  
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete,  
The signal was given to break through the line;  
While starboard and larboard, and from every quarter,  
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine.

The bold British Lion roar'd out his last thunder,  
When Perry attacked him close in the rear;  
Columbia's eagle soon made him crouch under,  
And roar out for quarter, as soon you shall hear.  
O, had you been there, I now do declare,  
Such a sight as you never had seen before;  
Six red bloody flags, that no longer could wag,  
All lay at the feet of our brave commodore.



Brave Elliot, whose valour must now be recorded,  
On board the Niagara so well play'd his part,  
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,  
We'll place him the second on Lake Erie's chart.  
In the midst of the battle, when guns they did rattle,  
The Lawrence a wreck, and the men 'most all slain;  
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,  
And by this manœuvre the victory was gain'd.  
O, had you but seen those noble commanders  
Embracing each other when the conflict was o'er;  
And viewing all those invincible standards,  
That never had yielded to any before.  
Says Perry, "Brave Elliot, give me your hand, sir;  
This day we have gain'd an immortal renown;  
So long as Columbia Lake Erie commands, sir,  
Let brave Captain Elliot with laurels be crown'd."  
Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,  
Her Rodneys, her Nelsons, and all the whole crew;  
But none in their glory have told such a story,  
Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.  
The whole British fleet was captured complete,  
Not one single vessel from us got away;  
And prisoners some hundreds, Columbians wondered,  
To see them all anchor'd and moor'd in our bay.  
May Heaven still smile on the shades of our heroes  
Who fought in that conflict, their country to save,  
And check the proud spirit of those murdering bravoos,  
That wish to divide us and make us all slaves.  
Columbians sing, and make the woods ring,  
We'll toast those brave heroes by sea and by land;  
While Britains drink Cherry, Columbians, Perry,  
We'll toast him about with full glass in hand.

## CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES'S VICTORY

Over the British frigate "Serapis," and "Countess of Scarborough," sloop of war, on the 23d of September, 1779.

AN American frigate—a frigate of fame,  
With guns mounted forty, "Good man Richard" by  
name,

Sail'd to cruise in the channel of "merrie England;"  
With a valiant commander; Paul Jones was the man.

He had not cruised long before he espies  
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise;  
Well mann'd with bold seamen, well laid in with  
stores,

In consort to drive us from old England's shores.

About twelve at noon, Pearson came alongside,  
With a loud speaking-trumpet, "Whence came you?"  
he cried;

"Return me an answer!—I hail'd you before—  
Or if you do not, a broadside I will pour."

Paul Jones then said to his men, every one,  
"Let every true seaman stand firm to his gun;  
We'll receive a broadside from this bold Englishman,  
And, like true Yankee sailors, return it again."

The contest was bloody, both decks ran with gore,  
And the sea seem'd to blaze, while the cannon did roar;  
"Fight on, my brave boys," Paul Jones then he cried,  
"And soon we will humble this Englishman's pride.

"Stand firm to your quarters—your duty don't shun;  
The first one that shrinks, through the body I'll run.

Though their force is superior, yet soon they shall  
know

What true brave American seamen can do."

We fought them eight glasses, eight glasses so hot,  
Till seventy bold seamen lay dead on the spot;  
And ninety brave seamen lay stretch'd in their gore,  
While the pieces of cannon most fiercely did roar.

Our gunner in a great fright to Captain Jones came—  
"We gain water quite fast, and our side's in a flame;"  
Then Paul Jones he said, in the height of his pride,  
"If we cannot do better, boys, sink alongside."

The Alliance bore down, while the Richard did rake,  
Which caused the bold heart of poor Pearson to ache.  
Our shot flew so hot, they could not stand us long,  
And the undaunted union of Britain came down.

To us they did strike, and their colours haul down:  
The fame of Paul Jones to the world shall be known;  
His name shall be rank'd with the gallant and brave,  
Who fought like a hero our freedom to save.

Now, all valiant seamen, where'er you may be,  
Who hear of this combat fought on the broad sea,  
May you all do like them when call'd to the same,  
And your names be enroll'd on the pages of fame.

Your country will boast of her sons that are brave,  
And to you she will look her from danger to save;  
She'll call you dear sons—in her annals you'll shine,  
And the brows of the brave shall green laurels entwine.

So now, my brave boys, have we taken a prize—  
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise.

Then God bless the mother whose doom is to weep  
The loss of her sons in the ocean so deep.

## THE SHIP.

CHEER up, my gallant band !  
Fare thee well, dear native land,  
Our pendant waves, the anchor is a-trip ;  
For free trade and sailors' rights,  
The Columbian seaman fights,  
And his watchword—Don't surrender the ship, &c.  
Wide rolls the mountain-wave,  
But it frightens not the brave,  
With joyous hearts the cables we will slip ;  
When the boasting foe appears,  
Each brave tar his comrade cheers,  
And his watchword—Don't surrender the ship, &c.  
A sail ! the boatswain cries,  
Her proud pendant sweeps the skies !  
Perhaps its waving honours we may clip—  
Our brave captain draws his sword,  
Whilst we echo to the word,  
Gallant lads, O !—Don't surrender the ship, &c.  
Now o'er the affrighted deep  
How the glowing bullets sweep !  
We've got the daring vaunters on the hip !  
Though their colours nail'd so fast,  
Floated proudly on the mast,  
Yet full gladly they surrender'd their ship, &c.  
The free-born seaman knows  
How to spare the fallen foes,  
And cheer their souls with friendship's noble grip,  
The high prize for which he fights,  
Is free trade and sailors' rights ;  
And to tyrants ne'er surrenders his ship, &c.

Now to our native shore  
Safe arrived, my lads, once more,  
Full bumpers raise to every lip;  
To the memory of the brave  
Who now sleep beneath the wave,  
Who could die—but ne'er surrender the ship.

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### THE AMERICAN TAR.

THE Goddess of Freedom, borne down by oppression,  
In Europe's famed regions no longer found rest;  
She wept at the heart-rending, wide desolation,  
And languishing look'd for relief from the west;  
She heard that Columbia was rearing a temple,  
Where she would be worshipp'd in peace and in war,  
Old Neptune confirm'd it—cried, "Here is a sample,"  
Presenting with pride—an American tar.

Cease weeping then, goddess, to thee I've consigned  
him,  
He loves thee, and he thy protector will be;  
Believe me, a more gallant youth you will find in him,  
'Than e'er bore your banners through ocean and sea;  
When his galley he trims—firm, resolved for the onset,  
Wo, wo to that foe who his prowess shall dare,  
Long will his country lament that he e'er me  
And braved the avenging American tar.

He boasts not—but firm as the oak of his forest;  
Serene as a calm; but as fierce as a storm,  
When wild roars the battle, you'll see him the foremost,  
When victor, the prostrate protecting from harm;

And I have decreed—he's so gallant a fellow,  
O'er my wide dominion he shall be a star,  
To light you in safety o'er every billow,  
His name—listen, nations—American Tar.

The proud, turban'd Turk my dominions infested,  
And piracy ranged uncontroll'd on the wave;  
His courage the tar of Columbia tested,  
And taught him that freemen, though peaceful, are  
brave;

The power that affects the control of the ocean,  
And unfurls her cross-flag for destruction and war;  
Who, vaunting her strength, threw the world in com-  
motion,  
The trident resign'd to the American Tar.

For the rights of his country he fights—not for plunder:  
No longer injustice shall harass the deep;  
I give my trident—and Jove gives his thunder,  
And well he the sacred deposits shall keep;  
Beneath his mild sway, sailors' rights well protected  
Shall be, and free trade shed its blessings afar;  
The praises of nations shall greet the respected,  
The daring, heroic American Tar

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### JONES'S VICTORY.

YE brave sons of Freedom, whose bosoms beat high  
For your country, with patriot pride and emotion,  
Attend whilst I sing of a wonderful Wasp,  
And the Frolic she gallantly took on the ocean.

This tight little Wasp, of the true Yankee stuff,  
From the shores of Columbia indignant paraded;

Her eye flash'd with fire, and her spirit flamed high,  
For her rights they were basely by Britons invaded.

Swift over the wave for the combat she flew,  
By a sting keen and terrible arm'd and defended ;  
Her broad wings were white as the rough ocean-spray,  
And sixteen long arms from her sides she extended.

The winds waft her gayly—but soon on the way  
The foe of her fathers for battle array'd him ;  
From his forehead were waving the standards of Spain,  
But the proud step and stare of his nation betray'd  
him.

Like the fierce bird of Jove, the Wasp darted forth,  
And—be the tale told with amazement and wonder—  
She hurl'd on the foe, from her flame-spreading arms,  
The firebrands of death, and the red bolts of thunder !

And, O ! it was glorious and strange to behold  
What torrents of fire from her red mouth she threw,  
And how from her broad wings and sulphurous sides  
Hot showers of grape-shot and rifle-balls flew !

The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,  
And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and af-  
frighted :

But the Wasp darted forward her death-doing sting,  
And full on his bosom, like lightning, alighted.

She pierced through his entrails, she madden'd his  
brain,

And he writhed and he groan'd as if torn with the  
colic ;

And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day  
He met the American Wasp in a Frolic.

The tremors of death now invaded his limbs,  
And the streams of his life-blood his closing eyes  
drown ;

When, lo ! on the wave this colossus of pride,  
The glory and pomp of John Bull, tumbled down.

Now drink to the navy ; and long may its sons,  
Like the heroes of Rome, and of Carthage, and  
Greece,

Midst the downfall of nations triumphantly bear  
The barque of our country to freedom and peace.

And drink to Decatur, and Rogers, and Hull,  
And to every brave heart to his country that's true ;  
And never forget, whilst the glass circles round,  
The fame of the Wasp, her commander and crew.



### HAIL TO THE HEROES.

HAIL to the heroes from ocean returning,  
Welcome their offering at Liberty's shrine ;  
Proud, gallant warriors, with ardour still burning,  
For Columbia to conquer—'tis her they entwine.  
Their own native vales for danger forsaking,  
Still for Columbia bright laurels to gain ;  
Guardians of freedom, to glory yet waking,  
Dauntless in deeds—ye are guarded by Fame !  
List to the pæan ! now loudly it swells,  
Dear is the land where Liberty dwells !

Yet are the laurels of victory blooming,  
Columbia, thy arm is destined to save :



Bright in thy glory, thy star is illuming  
Shores where thy glory is borne on each wave !  
Hail to the heroes thy rights still maintaining  
Against haughty Albion, so proud on the sea ;  
(Already the star of her glory is waning :)  
Columbia, they live, and they conquer for thee !  
List to the pæan ! now loudly it swells,  
Dear is the land where Liberty dwells !

---

### THE HERO OF ERIE.

AT Columbia's loud call my dear William consented,  
And to my fond arms bade a tender adieu,  
In hopes to return with the laurels of glory,  
And reap all the fruits of affection so true ;

While Fortune, who laughs at the purpose of mortals,  
Had said that I ne'er should behold him again ;  
In the cold, silent grave, my sweet William, neglected,  
Lies far from his love, among heaps of the slain.

When bravely he fell, in the front of the battle,  
Contending with Britons by Erie's dark wave,  
O ! had I been there to expire with my lover,  
Nor lived thus a victim to wo for the brave.

Yet cease, my poor, widowed heart, from thy sorrow,  
A few years, at most, shall thy William restore ;  
In the pure land of heroes with transport I'll join him,  
Where war and where death shall divide us no more.

## 41 CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

WHEN Grecian bands lent Persia's legions aid,  
On Asia's shores their banners wide display'd,  
Though Heaven denied success, their leader's name  
Has still rank'd foremost in the rolls of fame ;  
Hence the "Retreat," the theme of every tongue,  
Through every age and clime incessant rung ;  
With Xenophon the bard adorn'd his lays,  
And gave the mighty chief immortal praise :  
With him the historian graced his proudest page,  
And bade his glories live through every age.—  
Thus thine, O Porter, shall, in lays sublime  
Of future poets, live through endless time.  
Thy noble daring, though with adverse fate,  
The rich historic page shall long relate,  
And the glad voice of freemen's loud acclaim,  
Teach lisping infancy thy honour'd name.

O may, great chieftain, that almighty Power,  
Whose shield was o'er thee in the battle hour  
When round thee fell thy brave, heroic band,  
Still guard thee safely with protecting hand,  
In future conflicts !—and in health restore  
Thee to thy friends, and happy native shore.

---

NATIONAL SONG.

YE tars of Columbia, whose glory imparts  
New charms to the blessings your valour secures,  
O ! high be your hopes, and undaunted your hearts,  
For the wishes and prayers of a nation are yours.

For your deeds on our foes,  
The smile of joy glows,  
And the wine-cup of pleasure in humpers o'erflows:  
For the loud trump of triumph swells high with your  
fame,  
And the deeds of your might have ennobled our name.  
The tyrant of ocean, the giant of war,  
Whose crimson-tinged sceptre spread wide o'er the  
wave:  
Whose mandate spake laws to the nations afar—  
Whose will gave to commerce her mart or her grave.  
Joy! joy to the world!  
From its awful height hurl'd,  
No more shall his banner be proudly unfurl'd;  
The sceptre of Albion shall tremble and fall,  
And the highway of nations be open to all.  
O, God of our fathers! the spirit that glow'd  
In the breasts of our heroes for freedom who died,  
When the might of thy arm on our eagle bestow'd,  
Tamed the lion of Britain, array'd in his pride,  
Again, on the main,  
Where his pride, wont to reign,  
Tells the lord of the ocean his boasting is vain,  
That Neptune's wide realms must be free to the brave,  
As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave.  
The deeds of our heroes, with grateful emotion,  
Long, long shall the nations delight to proclaim;  
Whose valour has tamed the proud tyrant of ocean,  
And spoil'd of its glory the boast of his name.  
Proud Albion shall cower  
When our battle ships lower,  
That wither'd the uplifted arm of his power—

That bade the proud boast of his sovereign sway cease,  
And quell'd his "omnipotent thunder" to peace.

Now joy to the hero in battle who bleeds :

Now peace to the hero in battle who bled :

Old Time shall delight to embalm his high deeds,  
And Glory's bright halo encircle his head.

Earth's sordid son dies,

And no aching heart sighs—

Unlamented he falls, unregarded he lies !

But the hero's last pang shall by angels be blest,  
And the tears of a nation shall hallow his rest.

Weep, daughter of Beauty ! remembrance of worth

Long, long shall awaken your patriot woes,

When your pensive steps rest on the canonized earth

Where Lawrence, and Ludlow, and Burrows re-  
pose !

But, O ! from the tomb,

Where their laurel trees bloom,

A bright ray of glory disperses our gloom—

On the swords of our heroes its radiance shall dwell,

Whose hearts are the shrines of their brothers who  
fell !

Columbia ! though now in thy battle's fierce fires,

The sword of thy Lawrence no longer shall flame :

Raise high the glad voice to the God of our sires,

That heroes still live who have rivall'd his fame.

Let Triumph's loud songs

Now employ our glad tongues,

In the praise to Hull and Decatur belongs :

And shouts for our Jones and our Bainbridge be given,  
Till they ring through the air like the thunders of  
Heaven.

Ye tars of Columbia! whose glory imparts  
New charms to the blessings your valour secures—  
O! high be your hopes, and undaunted your hearts,  
For the wishes and prayers of a nation are yours.  
Where the flag of the foe  
O'er the ocean shall flow,  
Your prowess shall still lay his haughty pride low,  
Till Neptune's wide realms shall be free to the brave,  
As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave.

---

### ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BUT who can paint the bright, effulgent flame,  
Which shines, eternal, round our naval name?  
Who can describe our honour'd, gallant tars,  
The dauntless heroes of our marine wars?  
No bard of earth, unless Apollo's fire  
Has kindled halos round his veteran lyre,  
Can mark the prowess of our infant fleets—  
Unknown to terror—strangers to defeats.  
See conquering Hull his flag in triumph wave,  
The sea his field of glory, or his grave!  
See brave Decatur bare his dauntless arm,  
And still the fury of the raging storm!  
See Britain's boasted lion fall, and die,  
And Bainbridge wave his trophied flag on high!

See Jones in thunder seize the high command,  
Old Neptune's trident grasping in his hand !  
While all mankind with wondering eyes behold  
The "infant navy" mount above the old !  
The lawless savage of the western wood  
Has view'd his inland ocean dyed with blood ;  
The warrior's shout, the thundering cannon's roar  
Have broke the solemn silence of its shore,  
And rode in triumph o'er the azure wave,  
Where bled the hero, and where sleep the brave !  
Perry ! the waves of Erie proudly claim  
The first effulgence of thy naval fame :  
And future cities, towering on the shore,  
Shall claim their honour from the deeds of yore :  
Our "children's children" glow with kindred fire,  
And, taught by thee, to noble deeds aspire,  
Till proud Columbia's standard is unfurl'd,  
And waves, unrivall'd, by the conquered world.  
M'Donough's name and thine eternal live,  
With all the honour that this world can give :  
And when translated from this busy stage,  
Be traced with dazzling flames on History's page.

But does no mournful, envious thought intrude ?  
Is Pleasure's cup with not a tear imbued ?  
Does mirth alone sound o'er the glittering main,  
And leave no solitary thought of pain ?  
Yes, gallant Lawrence ! o'er thy honour'd bier  
Has dropp'd the real sympathizing tear :  
A nation's gratitude—a nation's grief,  
Have mark'd the downfall of a noble chief !  
A foe, too just to press misfortune down,  
Has added incense to thy mortal crown—

A foe, too great to trample on the brave,  
Has bent in sorrow o'er a hero's grave.  
The flag he honour'd was his winding-shroud—  
The land that bless'd him was his last abode.

Long ! long Columbia's weeping tars shall mourn  
The fall of Burrows, and revere his urn :  
He rush'd to meet the willing foe, and fell !  
'The cannons' thunder was his dying knell ;  
And Death, in terror hovering o'er the scene,  
Destroy'd his life to make his laurels green :  
While Victory, perching on his fleeting soul,  
Bade Fame's loud blasts o'er Ocean's billows roll,  
And sound his enterprise from pole to pole.



### FATE OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR L'EPERVIER.

BEFORE the stars of liberty  
The crescent hid her head,  
The thunders of their victory  
She heard afar with dread :  
And when the foe she dared was near,  
In tame submission quell'd her fear.

But where is that brave bark that bore  
The tidings of success ?  
She left behind the failing shore  
On ocean fathomless—  
Joy bade the welcome breezes blow,  
And Rapture sat upon the prow.

The wheels of time have ceaseless roll'd,  
That mock the dreams of man,  
Majestic, as in days of old,  
When erst their march began.  
Why does that gallant bark yet stay ?  
Why stops she on her gladsome way ?

Days, weeks, and months have fled, to join  
The years beyond the flood,  
Nor mortal might, nor power divine,  
Can call them where they stood.  
That gallant bark has heard her doom—  
She comes not—and she may not come.

Thou who hast seen, when, in the hour  
That tried the dauntless brave :  
That mock'd the boast of human power,  
All impotent to save,  
The sailor cast a hopeless eye,  
To threatening waves and frowning sky.

The ties of friendship—nature—love—  
All, all have own'd thy might :  
They cried aloud, but could not move,  
And sunk in one dark night.  
Despair around her mantle flung :  
Their dirge, the storms that whelm'd them sung.

For them, no dear and honour'd hand  
Shall close the failing ball,  
When gathering round, the gloomy band  
Of death, the soul appal :  
Nor earth, by Christian footsteps hallow'd;  
Receive the corse the deep has swallow'd.



In caves, dark, desolate, and drear,  
The gallant and the gay,  
The forms so loved and cherish'd here,  
Are ravening monsters' prey.  
Each bond of love and sorrow burst,  
Yes, tyrant, thou hast done thy worst !  
Yet, is thy power almighty, then,  
Omnipotent on earth ?  
Destroyer of the sons of men,  
Of beauty and of worth !  
And shall Oblivion's sable cloud,  
That hid their fate, their memory shroud ?  
O, no ! the gem that in the beds  
Where slumber all the brave,  
In vain its mellow lustre sheds  
Upon the envious wave :  
Transplanted to a royal shrine,  
With brighter lustre ne'er shall shine.  
Brave bird ! thy wings have fail'd to soar,  
Thine eyes were closed for e'er,  
The shades of death came blackening o'er,  
And horror brooded near :  
But she, whose pinions never tire,  
Shall bear thee on her wings of fire !

---

### THE SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd,  
And landsmen lag behind, sir,  
The sailor joyfully skips on board,  
And, swearing, prays for wind, sir :

Towing here,  
Yeoing there,  
Steadily, readily,  
Cheerily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free  
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a freshening breeze,  
And landsmen all grow sick, sir,  
The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,  
And the song and the can go quick, sir—  
Laughing here,  
Quaffing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,  
And sings to landsmen dreary,  
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,  
Or takes his watch most cheery.  
Boozing here,  
Snoozing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,  
And landsmen skulk below, sir,  
Jack mounts up to the topsail yard,  
And turns his quid as he goes, sir.  
Hauling here,  
Bawling there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,  
And landsmen cry, "All's gone! sir:"  
The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,  
And jokes with Davy Jones, sir.

Dashing here,  
Splashing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck  
And landsmen hoist the boat, sir,  
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,  
While a single plank's afloat, sir—  
Swearing here,  
Tearing there,  
Steadily, readily,  
Cheerily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free,  
Is a sailor's life at sea.

---

#### THE LIEUTENANT'S COMPLAINT.—1815.

As, pensive, this night on my sea-chest I lay,  
Which serves me for bed, chair, and table:  
I mourn'd the sad hour I was placed on half-pay,  
Without tow-line, or anchor, or cable.

My money is gone, and my credit not good;  
My heart swells with anguish and sorrow:  
No messmate is near to supply me with food,  
And honour forbids me to borrow.

Now I think on the time when, all snugly aboard,  
In the ward-room assembled together,  
With plenty of wine and a table well stored,  
We laugh'd at dull care and foul weather.

Round, round went the song, and the jest, and the  
glance,

While we drank good success to the Ocean;  
And secretly toasted a favourite lass,  
Or talk'd about future promotion.

Then happiness smiled—I'd a plentiful purse,  
And slept sweetly when laid on my pillow:  
My cradle the ship, and the sea-boy my nurse,  
While rock'd on old Neptune's proud billow.

And when, safe in port, with my much-adored maid,  
Who look'd like a goddess or fairy,  
How blest was my heart as we joyously stray'd,  
And I breathed forth my love to my Mary.

How changed is my fate! All my messmates are  
gone,

And perhaps are, like me, doom'd to perish:  
By my Mary—O, horror!—now treated with scorn,  
Though she vow'd long to love and to cherish.

Now I grasp my last cup—hard, hard is my lot,  
And my mind like the billows of Biscay:  
You may think it is poison—indeed, it is not,  
But a special good jorum of whisky!



#### 47 PARODY OF AN OFFICIAL LETTER FROM SIR PETER PARKER.

In the year 1776, an attack was made on Sullivan's Island, in the harbour of Charleston, by the land and naval force of Great Britain, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker. After much time and labour in lightening the heavy ships, they anchored opposite fort

Moultrie, and commenced a tremendous cannonade. General Clinton had landed his troops to the eastward of the harbour, with the intention of fording the channel, and attacking the fort in the rear, while the ships attacked it in front; but from some mistake or want of knowledge of the depth of water in the channel, he was unable or unwilling to attempt any thing. In the mean time the fort, by a regular and well-directed fire, nearly demolished the British fleet, and Sir Peter was fain to escape with the loss of half his men killed and wounded; among the latter himself, the seat of his breeches having been shot away.—The following humorous paraphrase of his official letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, was written by one of the wits of those days.

My lords, with your leave,  
An account I will give,  
Which deserves to be written in metre;  
How the rebels, and I  
Have been pretty nigh,  
Faith, 'twas almost too nigh for Sir Peter!  
De'il take 'em! their shot  
Came so swift and so hot,  
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs,  
That I put ship about  
And was glad to get out,  
Or they would not have left me a skiff, sirs.  
With much labour and toil  
Unto Sullivan's Isle  
I came, swift as Falstaff, or Pistol;  
But the Yankees, od rat 'em—  
I could not get at 'em,  
They so terribly maul'd my poor Bristol.  
Behold, Clinton, by land,  
Did quietly stand,  
While I made a thundering clatter;

But the channel was deep,  
So he only could peep,  
And not venture over the water.

Now, bold as a Turk,  
I proceeded to York,  
Where, with Clinton and Howe, you may find me :  
I've the wind in my tail,  
And am hoisting my sail,  
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me

But, my lords, do not fear,  
For, before the next year,  
Although a small island should fret us,  
The continent, whole,  
We will take, by my soul,  
If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

---

### THE VETERAN TAR.

*Tune—"The Old Commodore."*

SPLIT my seams ! 'tis no time for a seaman to shy,  
And to stand shilly-shally on shore ;  
Let a shark seize his hulk who would go to deny  
His support to the old commodore !  
Gallant old commodore,  
Tough old commodore,  
Hardy old commodore, he—  
Let a shark seize his hulk who would go to deny  
His support to the old commodore !  
When War blew a gale, and his thunder's alarm  
Bade the top-lights of Hope shine no more ;

Would you know who contended, my lads, with the  
storm ?

Do you see, 'twas the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,

Tough old commodore,

Hardy old commodore, he—

Would you know who contended, my lads, with the  
storm ?

Do you see, 'twas the old commodore.

Douse my glim ! hardy tars, here's old Truxtun—a  
berth

The hero shall have on the shore ;

The freemen he honour'd shall honour his worth,

And support still the old commodore.

Gallant old commodore,

Tough old commodore,

Hardy old commodore, he—

The freemen he honour'd shall honour his worth,

And support still the old commodore.

The insurgents he tickled, and then taught our foes

With a vengeance their fate to deplore :

He axes our aid—no insurgents oppose

With a vengeance the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,

Tough old commodore,

Hardy old commodore, he—

He axes our aid—no insurgents oppose

With a vengeance the old commodore !

The main-brace we'll splice, and our glasses we'll fill,

Till the stingo, my boys, shall run o'er ;

Here's our navy and Truxtun—and heartily still

We'll support, lads, the old commodore !

Gallant old commodore,  
Tough old commodore,  
Hardy old commodore, he—  
Here's our navy and Truxtun—and heartily still  
We'll support, lads, the old commodore!

---

## NAVAL ODE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

OUR walls are on the sea,  
And they ride along the wave,  
Mann'd with sailors bold and free,  
And the lofty and the brave  
Hoist their flag to the sport of the gale:  
With an even march they sweep  
O'er the bosom of the deep,  
And their orders trimly keep,  
As they sail.

Though so gallantly we ride,  
Yet we do not seek the fight;  
We have justice on our side,  
And we battle in our right,  
For our homes, and our altars, and sires;  
Then we kindle in our cause,  
And a while a solemn pause—  
When the cannon's iron jaws  
Spout their fires.

We abhor the waste of life,  
And the massacre of war;  
We detest the brutal strife  
In the van of glory's car;



But we never will shrink from the foe :  
This, when battle's lightning runs  
Through his horror-speaking guns,  
And his brazen thunder stuns,  
He shall know.

We have met them on the deep,  
With Decatur and with Hull,  
Where our fallen comrades sleep  
In their glory's proudest full ;  
For our homes, we will meet them again :  
Let their boasted navies frown,  
As they proudly bear them down ;  
We will conquer, burn, or drown,  
On the main.

We, too, have hearts of oak,  
And the hour of strife may come  
With its hurricane of smoke,  
Hissing ball and bursting bomb,  
And the death-shot may launch through our crew ;  
But our spirits feel no dread,  
And we bear our ship ahead,  
For we know that Honour's bed  
Is our due.

Then, come on, ye gallant tars !  
With your matches in your hand,  
And parade beneath our stars  
With a free and noble stand,  
As you wait for the moment of death :  
Hark the word—the foe is nigh,  
And at once their war-dogs fly,  
But with bosoms throbbing high,  
Yield your breath.

Do your duty, gallant boys!  
And you homeward shall return  
To partake your country's joys,  
When the lights of triumph burn,  
And the warm toast is drank to the brave;  
Then, when country calls again,  
Be your march along the main,  
And in glory spread her reign  
O'er the wave.

---

## LOSS OF THE HORNET.

YE seamen and ye landsmen all,  
Ye mothers and widows too,  
Attend unto my story,  
About the Hornet's crew.  
She sail'd from New York harbour,  
Bound to the Spanish main,  
There to protect our commerce,  
But ne'er returned again.  
She convoy'd many vessels,  
And was the pirate's dread;  
Still more than death they hated  
The Hornet's boats, 'tis said.  
For Norris, her commander,  
Would send his gallant men  
To scour the coast by sea and land  
And find each pirate's den.  
Our merchants they protected,  
And their little gain

They snatch'd with brave exertion,  
From the hands of Spain.

Our merchants they protected,  
And would have brought them home,  
But, ah! her brave commander,  
For dismal was his doom.

On the tenth day of September,  
She off Tampico lay;  
And many well remember  
The gale that blew that day.

She had to slip her cables,  
She had to put to sea;  
The deadly blast, it is the last,  
Brother, I'll hear from thee.

The widow's heart is breaking,  
Hope no more can charm;  
The mother's breast is aching,  
And, love, why her alarm?

She sees the proud ship sinking  
Beneath the hungry wave,  
Her love death's cup is drinking,  
She shrieks, but cannot save.

"My Henry was on board of her,"  
The weeping mother cries,  
"He was my youngest, dearest son,  
The one I did most prize.

"He was too proud to stoop or crawl  
To men of low degree;  
He lost his fortune on the land,  
And sought it on the sea.

“But he is dead! the gallant boy,  
And why should I repine?  
There many a mother lost a son  
As proud and fair as mine.

“And many a youthful, blooming bride,  
With her infant at her breast,  
Sheds o’er the orphan child a tear,  
And feels as much distress’d.”

The Hornet’s lost, the good and brave  
Are in the ocean deep;  
No arm was nigh her crew to save,  
She sunk, and thousands weep.

In Congress now we must repose  
Our only hope to gain;  
A remedy, though small, for those  
Who lost all on the main.



### THE DYING AMERICAN TAR.

His couch was his shroud—in his hammock he died,  
The shot of the Briton was true;  
He breathed not a sigh, but faintly he cried,  
“Adieu! my brave shipmates, adieu!

“Away to your stations! it ne’er must be said  
Your banner you furl’d for a foe;  
Let those stars ever shine at your mizen-mast head,  
And the pathway to victory show.

“Remember the accents of Lawrence the brave,  
Ere his spirit had fled to its rest;

‘Don’t give up the ship!’ let her sink ’neath the wave,  
And the breeze bear her fate to the west.

“O, swear that your banner shall never be furl’d,  
Let me hear the words, ‘Struck has the foe!’  
And contented my soul bids adieu to the world,  
To its pleasures, its pain, and its wo.”

He said—and a gun to the leeward was heard,  
’Twas the enemy’s gun well he knew;  
He raised up his head, and three times he cheer’d,  
And expired as he utter’d “Adieu!”

---

### THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON,

An attack upon the town and a small fort of two guns, on the sea-board of Connecticut, by the *Ramillies* seventy-four gun ship, commanded by Sir Thomas Hardy; the *Pactolus* thirty-eight gun ship; *Despatch* brig, of twenty-two guns, and a *raze*, or bomb-ship.—August, 1814.

Four gallant ships from England came  
Freighted deep with fire and flame,  
And other things we need not name,  
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safely moor’d, their work begun;  
They thought to make the Yankees run,  
And have a mighty deal of fun  
In stealing sheep at Stonington.

A deacon then popp’d up his head,  
And parson Jones’s sermon read,  
In which the reverend doctor said  
That they must fight for Stonington.

A townsman bade them, next, attend  
To sundry resolutions penn'd,  
By which they promised to defend  
    With sword and gun, old Stonington.

The ships advancing different ways,  
The Britons soon began to blaze,  
And put the old women in amaze,  
    Who fear'd the loss of Stonington.

The Yankees to their fort repair'd,  
And made as though they little cared  
For all that came—though very hard  
    The cannon play'd on Stonington.

The Ramillies began the attack,  
Despatch came forward—bold and black,  
And none can tell what kept them back  
    From setting fire to Stonington.

The bombadiers with bomb and ball,  
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,  
And did a cow-house sadly maul  
    That stood a mile from Stonington.

They kill'd a goose, they kill'd a hen,  
Three hogs they wounded in a pen—  
They dash'd away—and pray what then?  
    This was not taking Stonington.

The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,  
But not a shell of all they threw,  
Though every house was full in view,  
    Could burn a house at Stonington.

To have their turn they thought but fair—  
The Yankees brought two guns to bear,

And, sir, it would have made you stare,  
     This smoke of smokes at Stonington.  
 They bored Pactolus through and through,  
 And kill'd and wounded of her crew  
 So many, that she bade adieu  
     To the gallant boys of Stonington.  
 The brig Despatch was hull'd and torn—  
 So crippled, riddled, so forlorn,  
 No more she cast an eye of scorn  
     On the little fort at Stonington.  
 The Ramillies gave up the affray  
 And, with her comrades, sneak'd away—  
 Such was the valour, on that day,  
     Of British tars near Stonington.  
 But some assert, on certain grounds,  
 (Besides the damage and the wounds,)  
 It cost the king ten thousand pounds  
     To have a dash at Stonington.



### THE BRIGANTINE PRIVATEER, PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL,

ORDONNEAUX, commander, which arrived at Boston some time since, from a cruise of three months, chiefly in the English and Irish channels, in which she captured thirteen or fourteen valuable prizes, to the amount, it was said, of more than a million of dollars.

Quid petis hic est.—*Martial.*

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHAT is wealth? that men will roam,  
 Risk their all, and leave their home,  
 Face the cannon, beat the drum,  
     And their lives so cheaply sell?

Let them reason on the fact  
Who would rather think than act :  
Their brains were not with morals rack'd  
Who mann'd the Prince of Neufchatel.

Having play'd a lucky game,  
Homeward, with her treasure, came  
This privateer of gallant fame,  
Call'd the Prince of Neufchatel.

Are the English cruisers near ?  
Do they on the coast appear  
To molest this privateer ?—

She shall be defended well.

Soon a frigate hove in sight :—  
As the wind was rather light,  
She, five barges, out of spite,  
Sent, to attack with gun and blade.

On our decks stood rugged men,  
Little more than three times ten ;  
And I tremble while my pen  
Tells the havoc that was made.

Up they came, with colours red,  
One astern, and one ahead :  
Shall I tell you what they said ?  
“ Yankees ! strike the bunting rag ! ”

Three were ranged on either side :  
Then the ports were open'd wide,  
And the sea with blood was dyed—  
Ruin to the English flag !

Now the angry cannons roar,  
Now they hurl the storm of war,  
Now in floods of human gore  
Swam the Prince of Neufchatel !



Then the captain, Ordonneaux,  
Seconded the seaman's blow,  
And the remnant of the foe  
Own'd the brig "defended well."

For the million she contain'd  
He contended, sword in hand,  
Follow'd by as brave a band  
Of tars, as ever trod a deck.  
In these bloody barges, five,  
Scarce a man was left alive,  
And about the seas they drive;  
Some were sunk, and some a wreck.

Every effort that they made  
With boarding pike, or carronade,  
Every effort was repaid,  
Scarcely with a parallel!  
Fortune, thus, upon the wave,  
Crown'd the valour of the brave.  
Little lost, and much to save,  
Had the Prince of Neufchatel.

---

ON THE NAVAL ATTACK NEAR  
BALTIMORE.—Sept. 1814.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE sons of old ocean advanced from the bay  
To achieve an exploit of renown;  
And Cochrane and Cockburn commanded that day,  
And meant to exhibit a tragical play,  
Call'd the plunder and burning of Baltimore town.

The scenes to be acted were not very new,  
And when they approach'd, with the rat-tat-too,  
As merry as times would allow,  
We ran up the colours to liberty true,  
And gave them a shot with a tow-row-dow.

By land and by water how many have fail'd  
In attacking an enemy's town,  
But Britons, they tell us, have always prevail'd  
Wherever they march'd or wherever they sail'd,  
To honour his majesty's sceptre and crown:  
Wherever they went with the trumpet and drum,  
And the dregs of the world, and the dirt and the scum,  
As soon as the music begun,  
The colours were struck, and surrender'd the town  
When the summons was given of down, down, down!

But fortune, so fickle, is turning her tide,  
And safe is old Baltimore town,  
Though Cockburn and Cochrane, with Ross at their  
side,  
The sons of Columbia despised and defied,  
And determined to batter it down—  
Rebuff'd and repulsed in disgrace they withdrew,  
With their down, down, down, and their rat-tat-too,  
As well as the times would allow:  
And the sight, we expect, will be not very new  
When they meet us again with our tow-row-dow.

A SAILOR'S ELEGY, ON THE FATE  
OF THE WASP.

O ! WHEN, in some illustrious fight,  
Stout warriors yield at Fate's rude call,  
They fall, like shooting stars at night,  
And brighten as they fall.

A thousand tongues their deeds relate,  
And with the story never tire,  
A country mourns their noble fate,  
And ladies weep, and men admire.

But dreary is the fate of those  
I mourn, in this rough sailor strain,  
Who perish'd—how, no mortal knows,  
And perish'd all in vain.

Who in our country cannot tell  
How Blakeley brought the red-cross low,  
And twice triumphantly did quell  
The prowess of a valiant foe ?

Who has not heard of his brave men,  
All valiant hearts of sterling gold  
Who braved the lion in his den,  
And turn'd his hot blood into cold ?

Who has not wish'd that they were here,  
Escaped the ocean's perils rude,  
To share our country's welcome cheer,  
And reap a nation's gratitude ?

But they will never come again  
To claim the welcome of their home ;  
Affection looks for them in vain ;  
Too surely they will never come.

Far distant from their native land  
They perish'd in the yawning deep,  
Where there was none to stretch a hand,  
And none their fate to weep.

No ear their dreary-drowning cry  
Heard o'er the desert wave;  
Their dying struggle met no eye,  
No friendly aid to save.

And when they perish'd none can tell,  
Nor where their bones are laid—  
The spot Affection loves so well,  
No mourner's step will tread.

No tender friend will ever go  
To seek the spot where they abide,  
Nor child, or widow, full of wo,  
Tell how, and when, and where they died.

Alas! they have no church-yard grave,  
No mound to mark the spot;  
They moulder in the deep, deep wave,  
Just where—it matters not.

They perish'd far away from home,  
A few will weep these sailors bold,  
For e'er the certain news shall come,  
Our feelings will grow cold.

By slow degrees hope will expire,  
And when the anxious feeling's o'er,  
Stale Memory will quench her fire,  
And sorrow be no more!

Save where some pale and widow'd one,  
By grief, or madness cross'd,

Shall cling to one dear hope alone,  
And hope, though hope were lost.

By fond imagination led,  
Or ideal visions driven,  
O ! she will ne'er believe him dead,  
Till they do meet in heaven.

---

### WRECK OF THE HORNET,

United States sloop of war, wrecked off Tampico, in the  
Gulf of Mexico, on the 10th of September, 1829.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

THE sun was low—a flood of light  
Slept on the glittering ocean—  
And Night's dark robes were journeying up,  
With slow and solemn motion :  
And ever and anon was heard  
The sea-mew's shriek—ill-omen'd bird !

Down sunk the sun—the gathering mist  
Rose proudly up before it,  
And stream'd upon the lurid air,  
A blood-red banner o'er it :  
Frowning, and piled up heap on heap,  
Dense clouds o'erspread the mighty deep ;  
Darker, and pitchy black they grew—  
And roll'd, and wheel'd, and onward flew  
Like marshalling of men.

Then trembled timid souls with fear—  
Glisten'd in Beauty's eye the tear—  
And “fatherland” was doubly dear—  
But brave hearts quail'd not then.

Soon the rough tar's prophetic eye  
Saw many a floating shroud on high,  
And many a coffin drifting by—  
    And on the driving gale  
Beheld the spirits of the deep,  
Above—around—in fury sweep—  
    And heard the dead's low wail,  
    And the demon's mutter'd curse.  
And on the fierce and troubled wind,  
Rode Death—and, following close behind,  
    A dark and sombre hearse.  
And soon the barque a wreck was driven,  
Before the free, wild winds of Heaven!

Now shrank with fear each gallant heart—  
    Bended was many a knee—  
And the last prayer was offer'd up,  
    God of the deep, to thee!  
Mutter'd the angry heavens still,  
    And murmur'd still the sea—  
And old and sterner hearts bow'd down  
    God of the deep, to Thee!  
And still the wreck was onward driven,  
    Upon the wide, wild sea—  
And Man's proud soul to Fate was given,  
    Woman's, O God, to Thee!

Gaped wide the deep—down plunged the wreck—  
    Up rose a fearful yell—  
Death's wings flapp'd o'er that sinking deck—  
    A shudder!—all was still.

Morn came. A flood of light agen  
    Burst on the glittering waters,

Above the deep's stern-hearted men,  
And Earth's fair sons and daughters :  
Naught of or life or death was seen—  
And who could say that strife had been !

---

COLUMBIA'S NAVAL HEROES.—1815.

Sung at the dinner given to Captain Biddle, by the citizens  
of New York.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

BY FRANCIS ARDEN, ESQ.

WHILE Europe, displaying her fame-claiming page,  
And vaunting the proofs of her high elevation,  
Exultingly shows us, just once in an age,  
Some patriot-soul'd chieftain, the prop of his nation ;  
Columbia can boast, of her heroes a host,  
The foremost at duty's and danger's proud post,  
Who full often have won upon ocean's rough wave,  
The brightest leaved laurel that e'er deck'd the brave.

By Freedom inspired and with bosoms of flame,  
They hurl'd on the foe all the battle's dread thunder,  
Till, vanquish'd and humbled, he shook at their name,  
O'erwhelm'd with confusion, with fear, and with  
wonder ;  
No age that has flown such a band e'er has known,  
Who made firmness and skill and mild manners their  
own,

And each trait of the warrior so closely entwined  
With the virtues that grace and ennoble the mind.

Their kindness the hearts of their captives subdued,  
Who sunk 'neath their arms, when the life-streams  
were flowing,

And their conquest-wove wreaths not a tear has be-  
dew'd,

But that which Humanity smiles in bestowing;  
The world with one voice bids their country rejoice,  
As with blushes it owns that these sons of her choice  
For valour and feeling have gain'd the rich prize,  
And stand first midst the first that live under the  
skies.

Their splendid achievements shall long string the  
nerves

Of all who the blessings of freemen inherit;  
And theirs be the honours such merit deserves,  
And dear to each bosom their death-daring spirit;  
The poet's best strain shall their memories maintain,  
And affection embalm them to Time's latest reign,  
While, roused by their praises, our sons shall aspire  
To rival their actions and glow with their fire.



### ODE ON OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.

A CENTURY had Britain held  
The trident of the subject sea,  
And all that time no eye beheld  
Her flag strike to an enemy.

France left her mistress of the main;  
Van Tromp no longer swept the sea;  
And the proud crest of haughty Spain  
Bow'd to her great supremacy.



The far-famed Hellespont she ploug  
And made the crescent wax more  
While Mussulmen before her bow'd  
Who scorn'd the Christian's God t

By east and west, by north and south  
By every sea and every shore,  
Her mandates at the cannon's mouth  
Her wooden walls in triumph bore

Where'er the blue wave weltering fl  
Where'er a merchant vessel sail'd  
Her red-cross flag in triumph rode,  
Her red artillery prevail'd.

Amid the ice of Greenland's seas,  
Amid the verdant southern isles,  
Where'er the frigid waters freeze,  
Where'er the placid ocean smiles,

Her navy bore her swelling fame,  
Afar and near, triumphantly,  
And Britons claim'd the proudest name  
The sovereigns of the trackless sea.

But there was rising in the west  
A nation little known in story,  
That dared that empire to contest,  
And cross her in the path of glory:

That scorn'd to crouch beneath the feet  
Of England's lion stern and brave  
But venturous launch'd her little fleet  
Her honour and her rights to save.

Hard was the struggle, rude the shock,  
The New World 'gainst the stubborn Old!

A dread encounter!—rock to rock;  
The Yankee, and the Briton bold.

O! then was seen a glorious sight,  
No eye that lives e'er saw before:  
The Briton's sun went down in night—  
The Yankee's rose to set no more!

And that proud flag which undisturb'd,  
For ages, at the mast-head flew,  
And the old world's puissance curb'd,  
Struck to the prowess of the new.

And, where the red-cross flag had braved  
The dastard world for ages past,  
Our stars and stripes in triumph waved  
High on the proud top-gallant mast.

And there wave they by day and night,  
While sparkle Heaven's eternal fires,  
Emblems of that resistless might  
Which daring Liberty inspires.



### THE WASP AND FROLIC.—1813.

FRESH blows the gale—o'er Ocean's azure realm,  
“In goodly trim, the gallant vessel glides:”  
Heroic Jones, presiding, takes the helm;  
His country's honour is the star that guides!

A band of heroes all his dangers share:  
Who, when their country calls them to provoke  
The dread, the unequal contest, nobly dare  
The red artillery of the British oak.

At length, impell'd by favouring gales along,  
Majestic now she ploughs the briny deeps,  
The dread avenger of our country's wrong,  
While, undisturb'd, the treasured vengeance sleeps

Dim in the horizon, Albion's hostile star,  
In silent grandeur, rises on the sight :  
Terrific omen ! honour'd wide and far :  
The harbinger of death, and pale affright.

Near and more near the bloody contest draws ;  
Frowning they meet, and awfully serene :  
And, ere the strife begins, in solemn pause,  
They stand and watch the narrow space between.

It was an hour to none but heroes dear,  
When vulgar mortals tremble and despair :  
When all the patriot has to hope, or fear,  
Seems but suspended by a single hair.

At such an hour, what hostile passions meet !  
What wild emotions enter and depart !  
What hopes of glory—fears of foul defeat !  
All throng, tumultuous, through the stoutest heart !

But mark ! around what sudden glooms infest,  
As if the clouds that sail'd the realms of air  
At once had settled on the ocean's breast,  
And fix'd the region of contention there.

Unusual darkness on the surface lies ;  
A night of horror veils the combat o'er,  
Disturb'd by victor-shouts and dying cries—  
By lightning flashes, and the thunder's roar.

Now light returns : but what dismay and rout !  
How cold the cheek where hope was so elate !  
And the pale lip still quivers with the shout  
Of joy and triumph in the hour of fate.

Short was the contest—O ! in pity, spare !  
Ye sights unholy, vanish from my ken :  
For supplicating Mercy's cries, Forbear !  
Nor taunt with victory these dying men.

But welcome, heroes ! to your native land ;  
Safe from the arduous perils of the fight ;  
And welcome, gallant leader of the band !  
Who blushes when he finds his fame so bright.

And welcome, Booth and Rodgers ! welcome, Knight !  
And Rapp !—such noble souls will ne'er refuse  
This poor requital, and with rudeness slight  
The humble offering of no venal Muse.

Nor, Claxton, shall thy worth unsung remain :  
Thy early day betokens promise fair ;  
For glory hover'd round the brows of pain,  
And mark'd, unseen, the future hero there.

Nor shall thy merits, Biddle, pass untold,  
When, cover'd with the cannon's flaming breath,  
Onward he press'd, unconquerably bold ;  
He fear'd dishonour, but he spurn'd at death.

He moved the foremost of the gallant band,  
Undaunted by the roar of hostile arms ;  
And led reluctant Victory by the hand,  
Confused and blushing, in her blaze of charms.

Then welcome, heroes ! for your glory lives ;  
Nor shall malignant envy dare assail :  
Receive the laurel which your country gives,  
And share her triumphs while she tells the tale.

---

## PROPHECY,

Inscribed to Commodore John Rodgers.—1813.

INTREPID veteran of the wave,  
Rodgers !—whose fame could terror bring  
To them—the boldest of the brave,  
The chosen of their island-king.

Veteran ! ere time's imperious sway  
Has brought the high meridian hour,  
Or changed one jetty lock to gray,  
Or touch'd thee with its wizard power—

Attend ! for thou art Glory's son,  
Born mid the battle's blaze to shine,  
And known, when danger's deed is done,  
To make the mildest mercies thine.

Hear what the poet-prophet knows :—  
Triumph is thine ; and, added fame,  
Even ere the annual summer glows,  
The deadly contest meets thy claim.

The green Atlantic felt thy sway,  
As erst from dawn to fading light  
Thy hero-helm's impetuous way  
Pursued the foe's elusive flight.

That green Atlantic is thy field :  
There, though redoubling hosts assail,  
The ocean's lord to thee shall yield,  
And thee, humane in victory, hail.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GALLANT  
CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.—1813.

AH! who would loiter on life's utmost verge,  
A weary wight; a melancholy blank;  
Still gaze with dubious horror on the surge,  
And shrink and tremble on the joyless bank!

See yonder sad and solitary thing!  
Of vermil youth and beauty what remains?  
Lost is the memory—lost the elastic spring;  
'The flush of life, the frolic of the veins!

Though gorgeous spring his vision strives to greet,  
And flings her rainbow lustres round his head,  
Bathes all his senses in Arabian sweet,  
He looks and wonders where these charms have fled.

Such was not Lawrence.—His heroic frame  
With nobler fate indulgent Heaven had bless'd;  
In the meridian of his life and fame,  
He rush'd in splendour to the land of rest.

Heroic glory! though thy light illumines  
With beams so lovely, 'tis a hasty glare:  
Thy flame burns bright and sparkling, but consumes  
The life it renders so divinely fair.

'The soft and gentle courtesies of life,  
All whisper'd, Lawrence, to prolong thy day;  
The tender friend, the fond and loving wife,  
Allured thee from the fields of war away.

Why should the hero bear the cruel brunt,  
Expose a life to love and friendship dear?  
Why should he combat danger's scowling front,  
To reap the barren glory of a tear!

Sternly inflexible he still remains;  
He scorns the olive round his brows to twine;  
With noble pride he bursts such gentle chains,  
And cries, "My country! I am wholly thine!"

Before him, full, his country's genius stands,  
Her downcast eyes betokening deep concern;  
And mournfully she proffers to his hands,  
The star of glory and the silent urn.

And while on each the astonish'd hero gazed,  
Anxious to grasp the proffered prize, so fair;  
Lo! on the urn the star of glory blazed,  
And all its wandering radiance gather'd there.

"I come! I come!" he cried with ravish'd breath:  
"Welcome to me the slumber dark and deep;  
Let but such glory twinkle round my death,  
I still shall triumph in the hour of sleep."

Yes, noble soul! thy glory is secure:  
For now, surviving thy unhappy date,  
It burns and sparkles with a blaze more pure,  
Removed beyond the hostile reach of fate.

Thy worth full well thy gallant foemen knew;  
Hush'd was the shout of joy, to honour just;

They paused, and as a debt to valour due,  
They shed the tear of pity on thy dust.

When fortune favour'd bravery so well,  
And Lawrence laid the pride of Britain low,  
The orphan, whose unhappy father fell,\*  
Now found another parent in the foe.

But say, what lips can tell, with unconcern,  
These cruel tidings to the widow'd fair ;  
Who waits with anxious heart his glad return,  
And joys to greet him with a cherub heir.

Illustrious mourner ! hug the dear deceit ;  
This fond delusion—it will soothe thy breast.  
O may the pitying shade of Lawrence greet  
Thy midnight slumbers with a dream so blest.

Unhappy babe ! thy mangled parent lies  
Far, far from thee, amidst a hostile race ;  
Inexorable fate has seal'd his eyes,  
Ah ! never to behold that smiling face.

Yet, O my country ! hasten to be just :  
And since the hero's splendid course has run,  
Repay the debt thou owest to his dust,  
In kind protection to his infant son.

Even Victory, when gallant Lawrence fell,  
Mourn'd for the hapless fate of one so brave ;  
And when her lips pronounced the sad farewell,  
Reluctant, dropp'd a star upon the grave.†

---

\* A son of one of the hands who was slain on board of the Peacock, was taken by Captain Lawrence into his own family.

† Captain Lawrence was buried in the flag of the Chesapeake, which he defended so bravely.



Then learn, ye comrades of the illustrious dead,  
Heroic faith and honour to revere;  
For Lawrence slumbers in his lowly bed,  
Embalm'd by Albion's and Columbia's tear.

---

### A PLEASANT NEW SONG,

Chanted by Nathan Whiting, (through his nose,) for the amusement of the galley slaves on board the *Phœbe*, who are allowed to sing nothing but Psalms.

O! JOHNNY BULL is much perplex'd,  
And what d'ye think's the matter?  
Because the Yankee frigates sail  
Across the salt sea water.

For Johnny says, "The ocean's mine,  
And all the sailor lads, too;  
So pay us tax before you trade,  
And part of each ship's crew."

"What! pay you tax!" says Jonathan,  
"For sailing on the water?  
Give you our lads of Yankee breed?  
I'd sooner give you a halter.

"Free trade and sailors' rights, John Bull,  
Shall ever be my toast;  
Let Johnny but this right invade,  
And Johnny Bull I'll roast."

John didn't mind, but took our ships,  
And kidnapp'd our true sailors;  
And Jonathan resolved to play  
The d——l among the whalers.

Away went frigates four or five,  
To cut up Johnny's trade,  
And long before the year was out  
The squire grew sore afraid.

Some found frigates, some found sloops,  
Belonging to John's navy ;  
And some they took, and some they burnt,  
And some sent to old Davy.

The saucy Essex, she sail'd out  
To see what she could do ;  
Her captain is from Yankee land,  
And so are all her crew.

Away she sail'd so gay and trim  
Down to the Gallipagos,  
And toted all the terrapins,  
And nabb'd the slippery whalers.

And where, d'ye guess, we next did go ?  
Why, down to the Marquesas ;  
And there we buried under ground  
Some thousand golden pieces ;

Then sail'd about the ocean wide,  
Sinking, burning, taking,  
Filling pockets, spilling oil,  
While Johnny's heart was aching.

At length he muster'd up some spunk,  
And fitted out three ships, sir :  
The Phœbe, Cherub, and Raccoon,  
To make the Yankees skip, sir.

Away they scamper'd round Cape Horn,  
Into the South Sea Ocean,

To catch the saucy Yankee ship  
They had a mighty notion.

North, east, and west, and likewise south,  
They fumbled all around ;  
“ Why, where the d—l can she be,  
That she cannot be found ?”

At length to Valparaiso bay  
They came in mighty funk ;  
The Yankee boys were then on shore,  
Some sober, and some drunk.

Some rode horses, some rode mules,  
And some were riding asses ;  
Some tippling grog, some swigging wine,  
Some dancing with the lasses.

The signal made all hands on board,  
Each man unto his station ;  
And Johnny he came swaggering by,  
But met some botheration.\*

The Yankee lads all ready were,  
With pistol, sword and gun,  
In hopes John Bull would run on board  
To have a bit of fun :

But John got clear the best he could,  
And soon came to an anchor,  
And hoisted up a printed flag,†  
As big as our spanker.

---

\* The Phœbe nearly ran aboard of the Essex, by accident,  
as Captain Hillyer said.

† The flag bearing Captain Hillyer's long motto.

Some swore it was a morning prayer;  
Some swore 'twas Greek or German;  
But Nathan Whiting\* spelt it out,  
And said it was a sermon.

And thus long time in merry mood,  
All side by side we lay,  
Exchanging messages and songs  
In Valparaiso bay.

At last John Bull quite sulky grew,  
And call'd us traitors all,  
And swore he'd fight our gallant crew,  
Paddies and Scots, and all.

Then out he went in desperate rage,  
Swearing, as sure as day,  
He'd starve us all, or dare us out  
Of Valparaiso bay.

Then out he sail'd in gallant trim,  
As if he thought to fright us,  
Run up his flag, and fired a gun,  
To say that he would fight us.

Our cables cut, we put to sea,  
And run down on her quarter;  
But Johnny clapp'd his helm hard up,  
And we went following after.

Says General Wynne, and Squire Roach,†  
And many more beside,

---

\* Nathan was, we understand, a tall, long-sided Yankee,  
and reckoned the best scholar of the whole ship's crew.

† Two sailors nicknamed by the crew.

“We wish those English boys had stay’d,  
We’d show them how to ride.”

In haste to join the Cherub, he  
Soon bent his scurvy way,  
While we return’d in merry glee,  
To Valparaiso bay.

And let them go—to meet the foe  
We’ll take no further trouble,  
Since all the world must fairly know  
They’ll only fight us—double.

Ne’er mind, my boys, let’s drink and sing,  
“Free trade and sailors’ rights;”  
May liquor never fail the lad  
Who for his country fights.

Huzza, my lads—let’s drink and sing!  
And toast them as they run:  
Here’s to the sailors and their king,  
Who’ll fight us—two to one.



### THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

*Carpe Diem.—Seize the Dey.—Doctor C—.*

THE Dey of Algiers, not being afraid of his ears,  
Sent to Jonathan once for some tribute;  
“Ho! ho!” says the dey, “if the rascal don’t pay,  
A caper or two I’ll exhibit.

“I’m the Dey of Algiers, with a beard a yard long,  
I’m a Mussulman, too, and of course very strong:  
For this is my maxim, dispute it who can,  
That a man of stout muscle’s a stout Mussulman.

"They say," to himself one day says the dey,  
"I may bully him now without reckoning to pay ;  
There's a kick-up just coming with him and John Bul ,  
And John will give Jonathan both his hands full."

So he bullied our consul, and captured our men,  
Went out through the Straits and came back safe  
again ;

And thought that his cruisers in triumph might ply  
Wherever they pleased—but he thought a d—d lie.

For when Jonathan fairly got John out of his way,  
He prepared him to settle accounts with the dey ;  
Says he, "I will send him an able debater :"  
So he sent him a message by Stephen Decatur.

Away went Decatur to treat with the dey,  
But he met the dey's admiral just in his way ;  
And by way of a tribute just captured his ship ;  
But the soul of the admiral gave him the slip.

From thence he proceeded to Algesair's bay,  
To pay his respects to his highness the dey,  
And sent him a message, decided yet civil,  
But the dey wish'd both him and his note to the  
d—l.

And when he found out that the admiral's ship  
And the admiral, too, had both given him the slip,  
The news gave his highness a good deal of pain,  
And the dey thought he'd never see daylight again.

"Ho ! ho !" says the dey, "if this is the way  
This Jonathan reckons his tribute to pay,  
Who takes it will tickle his fingers with thorns ;"  
So the dey and the crescent both haul'd in their horns.

He call'd for a peace, and gave up our men,  
 And promised he'd never ask tribute again;  
 Says his highness, the dey, "Here's the d—l to pay  
 Instead of a tribute; heigho, well-a-day!"

And never again will our Jonathan pay  
 A tribute to potentate, pirate, or dey;  
 Nor any, but that which forever is given—  
 The tribute to valour, and virtue, and Heaven.

And again if his deyship should bully and fume,  
 Or hereafter his claim to this tribute resume,  
 We'll send him Decatur once more to defy him,  
 And his motto shall be, if you please—*Carpe Diem*.



### THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.—1813.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

YE sons of old Neptune, whose spirits of steel  
 In tempests were harden'd, by peril were temper'd,  
 Whose limbs, like the wild winds that sweep the bare  
 keel,

By fetters of tyrants shall never be hamper'd;  
 Mid the storm and the flood  
 Still your honours shall bud,  
 And bloom with fresh fragrance, though nurtured with  
 blood:

For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,  
 And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or  
 their grave.

The eagle of empire, from Europe's rich plain,  
 O'er the wide-rolling waters long urged his proud  
 pinion:

Now enthroned on our heights that o'ershadow the  
main,

He exults in the fields of his new-born dominion.

In the tops of our pine,

With refulgence divine,

The blaze of his eye shall eternally shine ;

For the tars of Columbia, &c.

The chiefs who our freedom sustain'd on the land,

Fame's far-spreading voice has eternized in story :

By the roar of our cannon now call'd to the strand,

She beholds on the ocean their rivals in glory.

Her sons there she owns,

And her clarion's bold tones

Tell of Hull and Decatur, of Bainbridge and Jones :

For the tars of Columbia, &c.

She speaks, too, of Lawrence, the merciful brave,

Whose body in death still his flag nobly shielded :

With his blood he serenely encrimson'd the wave,

And surrender'd his life, but his ship never yielded.

His spirit still soars

Where the sea-battle roars,

And proclaims to the nations of earth's farthest shores,

That the tars of Columbia, &c.

When the lightning of night fires the turbulent deeps,

When foams the red wave under War's wasteful  
demon,

When, save Danger and Death, every sea-spirit sleeps,

Then, on danger and death smiles Columbia's bold

Unmoved as the pole,

[seaman.

His invincible soul

The bolts and the battle still round him bids roll ;

For the tars of Columbia, &c.



His ship's the loved ark of his safety and cheer,  
His canopy, heaven, and his path the broad billow;  
By the pole-star of duty, all dauntless he'll steer  
To the laurels of age, or a coral-grown pillow.  
But whenever fate's tie  
Breaks, and lets his soul fly,  
There's a glorious state-room awaits him on high :  
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

Columbia shall yet view her maritime hosts,  
On her lakes, seas, and rivers impervious surround  
her;  
Like the rocks that have girt, since creation, her coasts,  
On them every sea-borne assailant shall founder.  
Be it Britain or Gaul,  
Still her sons at the call  
Shall guard her, and grace in their triumph, or fall.  
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

From the time-hallow'd oaks of oracular Jove  
Burst the voice of the god, at Dodona's famed fountain:  
Our oaks on the ocean more gloriously rove  
Than waved their broad boughs, overshadowing the  
mountain.  
Their oracles bold  
In deep thunders are roll'd,  
And, announced in dark volumes, to empires unfold,  
That the tars of Columbia, &c.

Our country's a ship of imperial state,  
New built from the stanchest materials of ages;  
While majestic she moves in the sea of her fate,  
Her beauty the eyes of the nations engages.

Her colours sublime  
Shall salute every clime,  
Borne safe through the shoals and the tempests of  
time.  
For the tars of Columbia, &c.

---

## CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.—1813.

Now coil up your nonsense 'bout England's great navy,  
And take in your slack about oak-hearted tars;  
For frigates as stout, and as gallant crews have we,  
Or how came her Macedon deck'd with our stars?  
Yes, how came her Guerriere, her Peacock, and Java,  
All sent, broken ribb'd, to old Davy, of late?  
How came it? why, split me, than Britons we're braver,  
And that they shall feel, too, wherever we meet.  
Then charge the can cheerily,  
Send it round merrily,  
Here's to our country, and captains commanding;  
To all who inherit  
Of Lawrence the spirit,  
Disdaining to strike while a stick is left standing.  
Nay, if, unawares, we should run (a fresh gale in)  
Close in with a squadron, we laugh at 'em all;  
We'd tip Master Bull such a sample of sailing,  
As should cause him to fret like a pig in a squall.  
We'd show the vain boaster of numbers superior,  
Though he and his slaves at the notion may sneer,  
In skill, as in courage, to us they're inferior  
For the longer they chase us, the less we've to fear.  
Then charge the can, &c.

But should a razee be espied ahead nearly,  
To fetch her we'd crowd every stitch we could  
make;  
Down chests, and up hammocks, would heave away  
cheerly,  
And ready for action would be in a shake.  
For her swaggering cut though, and metal not caring,  
Till up with her close, should our fire be withheld,  
Then, pour'd in so hot, that her mangled crew, fearing  
A trip to the bottom, should speedily yield.  
Then charge the can, &c.

Britannia, although she beleaguers our coast now,  
The dread of our wives and our sweethearts as well,  
Of ruling the waves has less reason to boast now,  
As Dacres, and Carden, and Whinyates can tell.  
Enroll'd in our annals live Hull and Decatur,  
Jones, Lawrence, and Bainbridge, Columbia's  
pride—  
The pride of our navy, which, sooner or later,  
Shall on the wide ocean triumphantly ride.  
Then charge the can, &c.

---

### THE TOUGH YANKEE TAR.

HUZZA for the lads of the ocean !  
Whose mark is the eagle and star :  
They'll challenge all hands, I've a notion,  
To beat them at knocks in the war,  
With a tough Yankee tar !

Now, braver than Grecian or Roman,  
For honour he fears not a scar ;

And, damme, he'll yield him to no man,  
While he holds to a timber or spar—  
'Tis a tough Yankee tar!

Old Archimedes, he was an ass :  
He had ne'er swung a ship from the water,  
But broken his lever, and reflectors of brass,  
Had he known how to beat up to quarter,  
Like a tough Yankee tar!

Now first on the ocean they try hands,  
To check haughty Albion's career ;  
And soon the poor king of the islands  
Yields a proud and a boasted Guerriere  
To a tough Yankee tar!

Let them jabber as much as they please,  
'Tis all botheration and stuff.  
They talk of the rights of the seas ;  
We'll teach them 'tis all plain enough  
To a tough Yankee tar!

Now Columbia, with proudest emotion,  
Hails her young sons of war on the main :  
They wave a free flag on the ocean,  
And none shall her freedom maintain,  
Like a tough Yankee tar!



### THE SHIP, BOYS.—1813.

*Tune—"Jack at Greenwich."*

COME, messmates, cheerly lead the night,  
And toast each absent beauty ;  
Mayhap we'll bleed e'er morning's light :  
What then ? why, 'tis our duty.

On sea or shore, in peace or strife,  
Whate'er the cause that breeds it,  
A tar knows how to give his life,  
Whene'er his country needs it.  
We've something, too, to give our foes,  
If they don't gi'e's the slip, boys;  
We'll give them broadsides, blood, and blows,  
But, "Don't give up the ship," boys.  
The ship, boys, &c.

When, o'er Nantasket's fatal wave,  
Our Lawrence sought the battle,  
And for a hero's crown or grave  
Bade all his thunders rattle:  
Says he, "My lads, you know the way,  
To fighting foes give slaughter;  
And, should our valour win the day,  
Then give the vanquish'd quarter."  
But, when capsized, the words that last  
Hung on his dying lips, boys,  
Were, "Let our flag still crown the mast,  
And don't give up the ship," boys.  
The ship, boys, &c.

On hammock bloody, wet, or dry,  
We all must pay our score, boys;  
But death and danger's all my eye;  
We've seen their face before, boys.  
With Hull, we stood the Guerriere's force,  
And doff'd the pride of Dacres,  
Who swore he thought the joke too coarse  
From modest Yankee quakers.  
When Bainbridge, too, the good and brave,  
Just spoil'd the Java's trip, boys.

We swore upon that crimson wave,  
We'd ne'er give up our ship, boys.  
The ship, boys, &c.

Now what's the use to talk all night  
'Bout Morris, Jones, Decatur?  
The foe to beat in equal fight,  
God bless e'm, 'tis their natur'.  
And long before dishonour's shoal  
Brings up our gallant navy,  
There's many a noble Briton's soul  
Must weigh for grim old Davy.  
For, all in Scripture lingo pat,  
Our chaplain proves it glip, boys,  
That "pugnam bonam," and all that,  
Means, "Don't give up the ship," boys.  
The ship, boys, &c.

So, fill to a Yankee seaman's creed—  
His heart he gives his fairest :  
His purse and cheer to a brother's need,  
With songs and fids o' the rarest :  
His hulk, while in life's tide it lives,  
His country's arms must lade it;  
And when his cruise is up, he gives  
His soul to Him that made it.  
But, rough or bloody be the wave,  
And e'en in Death's cold grip, boys  
Columbia's tars, so stanch and brave,  
Will ne'er give up the ship, boys.  
The ship, boys, &c.

## FREEDOM.—1813.

*Tune—"Rule Britannia."*

UNVEIL'D mid Nature's glorious birth,  
Thy spirit, Freedom, soar'd sublime;  
Sail'd o'er the regions of the earth,  
And pointed to this infant clime.

Thy spirit shall the magnet be  
That guides thy sons to victory.

Now o'er the broad Atlantic wave  
Behold Columbia's star arise!  
Warm'd by its beam, the gallant brave  
A mighty foe in arms defies.  
That star the unerring guide shall be  
That leads her sons to victory.

These o'er Britannia's warlike name  
Her glorious banner proudly spread;  
And Britons, first in naval fame,  
Beneath her valour nobly bled.  
Her star that o'er the contest glow'd,  
The lustre of a nation show'd.

Now, foremost mid the battle's blaze,  
Loudly her heroes' arms resound:  
Unawed by numbers, there they raise  
Her gallant fleet, with glory crown'd.  
While light can guide, and valour shield,  
Columbia to no power shall yield.

Though small her force, o'er ocean wide  
The terror of her name ascends;  
While, dauntless, through the whelming tide  
The hero's zeal her cause defends.

His deeds shall make the world proclaim  
The glory of Columbia's name.

There, while destruction round him flies,  
No perils can his soul affright;  
Bold as his hopes, his efforts rise,  
His country is his guiding light  
Her safety turns his steps to war,  
Her freedom is his leading star.

For this, we saw thy gallant form,  
Brave Lawrence, court the raging wave;  
Flash, like a sunbeam, through the storm,  
And grasp, in death, the warrior's grave.  
Thy star, Columbia, sunk in gloom,  
And long shall glimmer on his tomb.

Yet thou, bright shade! enroll'd in light,  
Art near, to warm the warrior's soul;  
And many a hero through the fight,  
Now hails thee in the cannon's roll.  
Thy spirit shall his angel be  
To guide his arms to victory.

Columbia! fairest plant of heaven,  
Thou land of hope, with plenty bless'd!  
Thy blooming plains, by Nature given,  
No foe nor stranger shall molest:  
For bold thy sons shall ever be  
To guard thy rights o'er land and sea.

Thy conquests, on the roll of Fame,  
Shall long in bright succession lie,  
While Glory stamps the hero's name,  
And waves the conquering flag on high.



Thy star with time shall brighter shine,  
And give to Fame a ray divine.

Then once again shall Peace resume  
Her olive-leaf and blooming crest ;  
Her smile extend through Nature's gloom,  
And pierce the cloud that veils her breast.  
Then hail, Columbia's star divine,  
For peace and victory shall be thine.

---

### NAVAL SONG.

*Tune—"Remember the glories of Brian the brave."*

COLUMBIA, how bright is the fresh-blooming wreath  
Which thy heroes, who fight for thy good,  
While living entwine, and when dying bequeath,  
From their death-bed, embalm'd with their blood.  
And, O ! while we live in the brightness it spreads,  
And lights us on Liberty's way,  
Let us never forget 'tis their glory that sheds  
Its fair tints o'er Columbia's day.

O Washington, brightest and best of thy race,  
By thy beacon-light still let us steer :  
In thy wisdom, and virtue, and valour we trace  
Whate'er to thy country is dear.  
And still, in the day of distress, let us turn  
To thee as our guide and our star,  
Thy glories, reflected from heaven, will burn  
Bright again round Columbia's car.

Forget not, Columbia, thy seamen so true,  
Whose achievements now blazon thy name ;

Forget not their lives are devoted to you,  
 'Tis thy glory that lives in their fame.  
 The laurels they've won, by their blood on the main,  
 Columbia, O never forget :  
 They're the hero's life gem, and will light him again  
 To still brighter victories yet.  
 Can that nation e'er rise to the proud heights of fame,  
 Who respects not the deeds of her brave ?  
 From Oblivion's tomb can she e'er save her name,  
 Who protects not her patriot's grave ?  
 O never, Columbia ! then ne'er let this stain,  
 The stream of thy glory pollute ;  
 Let thy heroes' bright wreaths ever honour'd remain,  
 Entwined with thy liberty's root.



## NAVAL HEROES.—1814.

*Tune—"Hearts of Oak."*

YE sons of Columbia, come, let us rejoice  
 In the bright course of glory our brave tars have run,  
 And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,  
 Pour the tribute of verse o'er the laurels they've won.  
 Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men,  
 They always are ready,  
 Steady boys, steady,  
 To fight and to conquer again and again.  
 O, long on our mountains the forests have stood,  
 Through ages of peace in the shade of neglect ;  
 But the fiat of heaven calls them down to the flood,  
 Our shores to defend, and our rights to protect.  
 Hearts of oak, &c.

And see, while the nations of Europe have long  
Mid the conflicts of war rear'd their pillars of fame,  
We can boast of our heroes whose arms are as strong,  
Whose achievements will give them as deathless a  
name.

Hearts of oak, &c.

See Hull, Jones, Decatur, and Bainbridge now burn,  
Brighter stars in our land than vain Britons can  
claim :

For while they beat the world, we beat them in our  
turn,

And thus prostrate at once their proud pillars of  
fame.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Behold, too, brave Lawrence, whose splendid career,  
Gives another bright star to the sky of our fame,  
Though removed from this world, his example shall  
rear

Future heroes in war, "by the fame of his name."

Hearts of oak, &c.

And see, too, young Burroughs, the seaman's delight,  
Bears another fair sprig pluck'd from Victory's brow,  
Though 'twas bought by his life-blood, that stream'd  
in the fight,

Life 'gainst honour is naught, as our brave tars well  
know.

Hearts of oak, &c.

But hark ! while we sing, hear the trumpet of fame,  
With the glad notes of triumph again our ears greet :  
'Tis for Perry it swells, ever glorious name,

To whose matchless arm struck a whole British fleet.

Hearts of oak, &c.

We've yet thousands besides of young sons of the  
wave,

Who but wait for the call of their country to fly,  
And to enter the lists, with the first of the brave,

Who their honour insult, or their prowess defy.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Then, ye sons of Columbia, come, let us rejoice

In the bright course of glory our country can boast;  
And in one mighty chorus, with one heart and voice,

While we drink to our tars, let this still be our toast—  
“Hearts of oak are our ships, souls of fire are our men;

They always are ready,

Steady boys, steady,

For their country to fight, and to conquer again.”



#### THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.—1816.

YE generous sons of Freedom's happy climes,

Think, while you safely till your fruitful fields,  
Of him, the avenger of Oppression's crimes,

Who ploughs a soil which blood and danger yields,

Remember still the gallant tar, who roams

Through rocks and gulfs, the ocean's gloomy vast,  
To quell your foes, and guard your peaceful homes,  
Who bides the battle's shock and tempest's blast.

Think, while you loll upon your beds of down,

And mingle with Affection's cheering train,  
How he's exposed to Winter's chilling frown,  
Without a kindred soul to soothe his pain.

When seated by your joy-diffusing fire,  
Some dreary, dark, tempestuous, howling night,  
Let Fancy's strong, adventurous wing aspire,  
And poise o'er ocean on aerial height :

Thence view the rolling world of waves below—  
Survey the barks that bear our daring tars,  
As round them Neptune's howling whirlwinds blow,  
And rend their sails, and crash their yielding spars ;

Lo ! where the lashing surges, foaming high,  
Convulse the groaning vessel's sturdy frame,  
With lightning torches snatch'd from the vex'd sky,  
Destruction's angel whelms her all in flame.

Fierce thunders burst—the starless welkin glares—  
No aid is near—the lamp of hope expires—  
Terrific Death his haggard visage bares,  
And ocean monsters fly the raging fires.

Behold the gallant crew, Columbia's sons !  
Who've boldly torn the British banner down,  
And faced the mouths of her exploding guns ;  
E'en now they scorn to sully their renown !

Though naught but one dark waste of billows wide  
Meet their unweeping eyes—and, ere an hour  
Has flown one hundredth part away, the tide  
Must quench their breath ; their spirits do not cower !

They feel, with joy, they've served their country well,  
And lift an honest orison to heaven ;  
Their homes upon their dying accents dwell,  
And as they sink, they hope their sins forgiven.

Behold that head with glory circled bright !  
As it descends, the waves around it glow ;

'Tis Blakeley's ! he that halo gain'd in fight,  
When Britain's standard fell beneath his blow.

Though watery mountains roll upon his breast,  
And scaly millions gambol in his grave ;  
Yet shall his spirit shine among the bless'd,  
And fame embalm his memory on the wave.

But see ! where yonder floating fragments blaze,  
A lonely, lingering sailor still survives !  
From his frail plank he casts a hopeless gaze,  
Yet still for life with the rough sea he strives.

Far on the tumbling deep the hero's toss'd,  
Ere long the tempest flags, and dawn appears ;  
The sun rolls up the sky, " All, all are lost !"  
He cries, " my comrades brave !"—thence gush his  
tears.

The wearied billows sink in slumbers mild,  
And on their sparkling bosoms dolphins play ;  
With lusty arms he stems the watery wild,  
And thinks on friends and country far away.

A thousand tender feelings swell his heart—  
His wife's, and babe's, and kindred's dear embrace,  
Shoots through his bosom like a burning dart,  
At thought, that they no more shall see his face.

His eye around the wide expanse he strains,  
In hopes some passing vessel to descry ;  
Ploughing the waste of ever waving plains,  
That at far distance meet the bending sky ;

And not a whitening surge is seen to rise  
In the waste distance, and towards him roll,

But seems a friendly sail to his dim eyes,  
Bringing sweet hope to cheer his sinking soul.

Alas, poor sailor! 'tis no help for thee!

It comes the foaming herald of the storm.  
'Tis not the whitening canvass that you see,  
But the white winding-sheet to wrap thy form.

In pomp majestic, on his billowy throne,  
Far in the west, day's radiant sovereign glows;  
His cheering sway the finny nations own,  
As o'er the deep his golden splendour flows.

Their frolics wild the hapless sailor views,  
As round him, through the brine, they flounce and  
frisk:

Then, on the western glories seems to muse,  
Until the sun withdraws his flaming disk.

Now, hear the plaint his heart in sadness pours—  
“While pleasure sparkles through the swarming  
main,

Illumes yon heaven, and robes my native shores;  
I'm thrown adrift, the sport of direst pain!

“O! that, when in the battle fray I stood,  
And strain'd each sinew in the glorious cause;  
Some cannon peal had drain'd my veins of blood,  
And crown'd my mortal exit with applause!

But, here I'm doom'd to perish in the deep,  
By ocean monster, hunger, storm, or cold;  
Without one messmate o'er my corse to weep,  
And pay the honours due a sailor bold.”

The pall of Night the liquid world enshrouds,  
And silence mingles with the gathering gloom;

Again the heavens are wrapp'd in rolling clouds,  
And sea-mews shriek o'er many a watery tomb.

Ah ! think what now the lonely sailor feels !  
Chill are his brine-steep'd limbs, and numb'd, and  
tired—

The swelling mass of waves already reels—  
The sky with flash, succeeding flash, is fired.

The winds are raging fierce—the surges roll—  
The shark and huge leviathan now roam—  
Tremendous thunders shake the distant pole,  
And ocean's heaving breast is whelm'd in foam.

A flickering light gleams o'er the tumbling flood—  
Perhaps a meteor's.—Lives our seaman still ?  
Or drinks the insatiate shark his valiant blood ?  
This know, whate'er his fate, 'tis God's just will.

Ere long, if not deterr'd by critic's ire,  
Wild Fancy may his destiny disclose ;  
And call upon his country to admire  
A sailor's gallantry, and feel his woes.

---

### A SEA PIECE,

Occasioned by the supposed, and too probable, loss of the United States ship *Hornet*. It is a sort of *recitation*, uniting the “orders” of the boatswain, with the poetical description of the loss of the *Hornet*.

—*Call the watch !—call the watch !*

“*Ho ! the starboard watch, ahoy !*”—Have you heard  
How a noble ship, so trim, like our own, my hearties,  
here,



All scudding 'fore the gale, disappear'd

Where yon southern billows roll o'er their bed so  
green and clear!

*Hold the reel! keep her full! hold the reel!*

How she flew athwart the spray, as, shipmates, we  
do now—

Till her twice a hundred fearless hearts of steel

Felt the whirlwind lift its waters aft and plunge her  
downward bow!

*Bear a hand!*

*Strike top-gallants!—mind your helm!—jump aloft!*

'Twas such a night as this, my lads, a rakish bark  
was drown'd,

When demons foul, that whisper seamen oft,

Scoop'd a tomb amid the flashing surge that never  
shall be found.

*Square the yards!—a double reef!—Hark! the blast!*

O! fiercely has it fallen on the war ship of the brave!

When its tempest fury stretch'd the stately mast

All along the foamy sides, as they shouted on the  
wave.

*Bear a hand!*

*—Call the watch!—call the watch!*

*“Ho! the larboard watch, ahoy!”—Have you heard*

How a vessel, gay and taunt, on the mountains of  
the sea,

Went below, with all her warlike crew on board—

They who battled for the happy, boys, and perish'd  
for the free?

*Clew, clew up, fore and aft!—keep her away!*

How the vulture bird of death, in its black and  
viewless form,

Hover'd sure o'er the clamours of his prey,  
 While, through all their dripping shrouds, yell'd the  
 spirit of the storm!

*Bear a hand!*

*Now, out reefs!—brace the yard!—lively, there!*

O! no more to homeward breeze shall *her* swelling  
 bosom spread,

But love's expectant eye bid despair

Set her raven watch eternal o'er the wreck in ocean's  
 bed!

*Board your tacks!—cheerly, boys!* But for them,

Their last evening gun is fired—their gales are over-  
 blown!

O'er their smoking deck no starry flag shall stream!

They'll sail no more—they'll fight no more—for  
 their gallant ship's gone down!

*Bear a hand!*



## OLD IRONSIDES.

THE following grand and soul-stirring lyric, from the pen of a New England poet, was written on hearing that it was in contemplation by the Navy Department to break up the old frigate *Constitution*, and to sell her timbers. The author is OLIVER W. HOLMES, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky:

Beneath it rung the battle-shout,

And burst the cannon's roar;

The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below—  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquer'd knee ;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea !

O ! better that her shatter'd hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave ;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !

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HOMER VARNET





